

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

DECEMBER, 1861.

## THE MARTYR QUEEN—MARIA ANTOINETTE.

EDITORIAL.

THE history of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette forms one of the saddest chapters in the history of the world. Life's opening could scarcely be more brilliant; its close could scarcely be more dark and desolate.

Her mother, Maria Theresa, ascended the throne of Austria at the age of twenty-three. The empire was then apparently upon the brink of ruin. Its treasury was empty, its military organization broken down, its nobles without confidence in the throne or in each other, and the whole nation torn by factions and restless with discontent. France, Germany, and Spain having combined their forces and obtained important victories over the armies of the Queen, resolved to blot Austria from the map of nations, and to partition her territory among themselves. Already their bayonets were gleaming from the hill-sides around the capital. Her husband was too deficient in force of character to give her any aid in such an emergency. This young woman, of twenty-three, had something of a task before her.

In the dead of the night, lighted only by the camp-fires of her enemies, she made her flight. A few faithful but thoroughly-disheartened adherents accompanied her. Hope had abandoned every bosom but her own. She was dauntless and unbending. When her wisest counselors besought her to compromise and end the hopeless strife by consenting to part with portions of her territory, with flashing eye and determined tone, her laconic reply was, "Not one acre." In the wilds of Hungary she raised her standard and summoned around her its warlike barons. "With reigning steeds, and flaunting banners, and steel-clad retainers, and all the parapherna-

lia of barbaric pomp, those chieftains gathered around the heroic Queen. The spirit of ancient chivalry still glowed in these fierce hearts, and they gazed with a species of religious homage upon the young Queen who, in distress, had fled to their wilds to invoke the aid of their strong arms."

It was a critical moment. Had she the genius equal to the emergency? Could she control the fiery spirits she had evoked? An empire hung in the balance. It was poised upon this question. The historian tells us that she appeared before these chieftains dressed in the garb of the deepest mourning, with the crown of her ancestors upon her brow, her right hand resting upon the hilt of the sword of the Austrian kings, and holding on her left arm her infant son, Joseph. Her features were deadly pale, but the high cast of resolution mantled her brow. In this posture she addressed the bold knights, told them the desperate state of her affairs, concealing nothing; then she said she committed her children, herself, and her empire to their hands. The warriors were raised to a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm. They grasped their swords, and, waving them above their heads, shouted, "*We will die for our Queen, Maria Theresa.*"\*

Nothing could stand before their enthusiasm. Like a resistless avalanche, they hurled themselves upon their invaders, drove them from the soil they had invaded, pursued them even into their own country, and compelled them to sue for peace. This was granted only after they had restored to Austria the provinces ravaged from her, and also surrendered large portions of their own territory. Thus, almost at a blow, Austria was raised from the very brink of utter ruin to the highest pinnacle of splendor and power.

Maria Theresa was a splendid queen. She combined both administrative and diplomatic

\* *Moriamur pro Rege [king] nostro Maria Theresa.*

ability in the highest degree. She had queenly dignity, was as stern to observe as she was to exact the most punctilious conformity to all the minutiae of court etiquette. She was the mother of sixteen children. She was as rigid and punctilious as a mother as she was as a queen, and would have made an excellent mother had the same qualities answered for that purpose. As it was, the *mother's love* was, to a great extent, blended with the queen's stateliness. The Emperor Francis, on the other hand, was gentle and affectionate toward his children. This has given rise to the by-word, that "Maria Theresa governed the empire, while Francis took care of the children." It is quite certain that the mother inspired the children with *awe*—the father inspired them with *love*.

Maria Antoinette was born November 2, 1755. Her father died when she was about ten years of age. An incident connected with his last interview reveals the tenderness of the father and the affection of the child. He was about leaving for Insprück, and had already entered his carriage, when, upon a sudden impulse, he ordered the cavalcade to pause, and directed an attendant to bring him his little daughter, Maria Antoinette. He pressed her tenderly to his breast while she threw her arms around his neck. At length he relinquished his grasp, saying sadly, "Adieu, my dear little daughter. Father wished once more to press you to his heart." Was there an instinctive presentiment here of his own approaching end, and of the life of agony to be meted out to the beautiful but unfortunate daughter? Certain it is, that the Emperor, after a few days' illness, died at Insprück, and that this was his last interview with his loved Antoinette.

Maria, in her natural temperament, was in many respects the reverse of her mother. She was open-hearted, mirthful, and had an utter contempt for all the restraints and formalities of court etiquette. She was not particularly fond of study, and her attainments were rather superficial—too superficial, indeed, to be even showy. Her independence bordered upon recklessness, and, in subsequent years, was, no doubt, the occasion of much of her misfortune. The *strength* of her character—her best inheritance from a noble mother—was brought out only when misfortunes darkened her path.

Lamartine describes her personal appearance as she bloomed into womanhood. "She was a tall, graceful figure, a true daughter of the Tyrol. The natural majesty of her carriage destroyed none of the grace of her movements; her neck rising elegantly and distinctly from her shoulders, gave expression to every attitude. The woman was perceptible beneath the queen, the tender-

ness of the heart was not lost in the elevation of her destiny. Her light-brown hair was long and silky; her forehead high and rather projecting, was united to her temples by those fine curves which give so much delicacy and expression to that seat of thought, or the soul in woman; her eyes, of that clear blue which reflects the skies of the North or the waters of the Danube; an aquiline nose, the nostrils open and slightly projecting, where emotions palpitate and courage is evinced; a large mouth, Austrian lips, that is, projecting and well-defined; an oval countenance, animated, varying, impassioned, and the *ensemble* of those features, replete with that expression, impossible to describe, which emanates from the look, the shades, the reflections of the face, which encompass it with an iris like that of the warm and tinted vapor which bathes objects in full sunlight—the extreme loveliness which the ideal conveys, and which, by giving it life, increases its attraction. With all these charms, a soul yearning to attach itself, a heart easily moved, but yet earnest in its desire to fix itself; a pensive and intelligent smile, with nothing of vacuity in it, because it felt itself worthy of friendships. Such was Maria Antoinette as a woman."

At the early age of fifteen this lovely girl was wedded to Louis, the grandson of the reigning monarch and heir-apparent of the throne of France, who was then about twenty-two years of age. Let none of our readers suppose that *love* had any thing to do with this affair. State policy required a closer union between France and Austria; hence it was necessary that the daughter of Maria Theresa should be married to the grandson of Louis XV. The parties had never seen each other. The young Louis, in temperament and character, was just the opposite of Antoinette. He had little energy of mind or body, was cold, phlegmatic—singularly destitute of all passions. Yet he was not wanting in a certain dignity of manner, and his life was marked by rectitude of conduct, whether it was governed by rectitude of principle or not. He merely *submitted* to the proposed union, expressing neither pleasure nor displeasure. Toward her he exhibited not the least tenderness, and for years never seemed to think that she stood in nearer relations to him than any other of the ladies belonging to the Court.

The most magnificent cavalcade attended the departure of the young princess from Vienna and conducted her to Kell, on the frontier. She was here received by a still more imposing display, and with increasing splendor conducted to the Tuileries. Alas, what a prelude to "sorrows such as few on earth have ever experienced!"

An evil omen accompanied these royal festivi-

ties. An accidental spark set fire to the scaffolding where the fire-works for the occasion had been prepared. The whole was, in an instant, one sheet of flame. The ministers of pleasure were suddenly converted into messengers of death. Torpedos, serpents, rockets, and other explosive implements to be used in the exhibition, were shot off into the midst of the dense crowd, occasioning a terrific panic, and resulting in a great loss of life, and in maiming and wounding a still larger number.

At the hour of midnight, May 10, 1774, the dissolute and corrupt Louis XV breathed his last, and Maria Antoinette became Queen of France. The recklessness with which Maria had indicated her contempt of the forms and ceremonies of court etiquette, the little effort she made to conceal her aversion to sundry persons near the throne, and perhaps her own indiscretions, had excited not a little prejudice against her. She was charged with being Austrian in her sympathies, and with being the enemy of France. A thousand scandals were industriously circulated against her to blacken her reputation; and even ribald songs, of which she was the jest, were hawked through the streets and sung by the masses. The neglect with which she was treated by her cold, passionless husband, not only imbibed her life, but gave courage to her enemies. It was her misfortune to have a husband who, though he was heir to a kingdom, had not the manliness to defend her from the malignity of her enemies. In fact, it is doubtful whether he was ever sufficiently awakened from his stolid indifference to comprehend the matter, or to realize that he had any interest in it whatever.

Such was Louis XVI; as dignified as a statue, and about as passionless. He delighted, however, in books, in retirement, and in making toys for children. He is said to have been *good*; but at the same time it is doubtful whether he was good from strength of principle or from the lack of force to be evil. He knew that he had inherited a crown and was a king; he knew also the forms of court etiquette, and could follow its routine just as a parrot can call out its prescribed "Poll! Poll!" But of the knowledge of men and of public affairs he was as innocent as a child.

Such also was Maria Antoinette—frivolous, thoughtless, reckless in the pursuit of pleasure, imprudent to last degree, but, we think, not criminal. Her life at the Little Trianon and how she left it is described elsewhere in this number. This suggests that there may have been other bright spots in her history, and also gleams of sunshine in even her early character, which the malignity of her enemies and the misfortunes

that fell upon her family have not permitted to come down to us.

These two inherited the evil consequences of the corruptions and crimes of the French Court, which had been accumulating more than four centuries. No couple could be more ill-adapted to such a condition.

The popular discontent was now rapidly culminating in one of the most fearful revolutions that ever blackened the political heavens of any nation. The murmuring discontents of the people found additional cause of excitement in the successful war of the Revolution and the founding of a great republic in North America. "Let us have no king;" "Down with despotism;" "Let us have a republic," were not unfrequently heard in the deep undertone of the mutterings of a nation's discontent. From this time onward to its final and fearful termination the progress of the Revolution moved steadily, sternly, and almost without check.

Their growing troubles not only brought out whatever of nobleness there was in the substratum of the character of each, but under their pressure the stolid king began to cling to the queen for support, and even to love her as his wife. Nine years after their marriage their first child was born. They had three subsequently. Their eldest son died in childhood, and was soon followed by the youngest child, a daughter. The two that survived, Maria Theresa and Louis Charles, figure largely and sadly in the subsequent misfortunes and sufferings of the family.

The empire and the royal family were now upon the brink of a volcano—swelling, seething, quivering for its great upheaval. Had the king possessed the sagacity and the energy of a Napoleon, it might have been possible for him to have seized these elements with a firm grasp, and held them in check or given to them another direction. But he was alike destitute of sagacity and energy. Wherever he appeared he seemed only to invite the electricity of the Revolution to expend its fury upon his own defenseless head.

Maria Antoinette and the French Revolution will form the theme of another paper.

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### LA MORT.

BY T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD.

POOR mortal! thy woe has been deep,

Thine eyes have been fountains of tears,

No longer those eyelids shall weep,

My kisses shall dry all thy tears.

The wormwood and gall of thy cup

Now pass, with thy burden of years—

Dear soul! with rejoicing look up

There is light! lo, the day-dawn appears.

## A PEDANT

IS a dwarf scholar, that never outgrows the mode and fashion of the school, where he should have been taught. He wears his little learning unmade up, puts it on before it was half finished, without pressing or smoothing. He studies and uses words with the greatest respect possible, merely for their own sakes, like an honest man, without any regard of interest, as they are useful and serviceable to things; and among those he is kindest to strangers—like a civil gentleman—that are far from their own country and most unknown. He collects old sayings and ends of verses, as antiquarians do old coins, and is as glad to produce them on all occasions. He has sentences ready lying by him for *all* purposes, though to *no one*, and talks of authors as familiarly as fellow-collegiates. He handles arts and sciences like those that can play a little upon an instrument, but do not know whether it be in tune or not. He converses by the book, and does not talk, but quote. If he can but screw in something that an ancient writer said, he believes it to be much better than if he had something of himself to the purpose. His brain is not able to concoct what it takes in, and, therefore, brings things up, as they were swallowed, that is, crude and undigested, in whole sentences, not assimilated sense, which he rather affects; for his want of judgment, like want of health, renders his appetite preposterous.

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**ZION'S BANK.**

The following lines were written by the celebrated Rowland Hill, more than a quarter of a century ago, at a period of great commercial distress in England, when the moneyed institutions of that country seemed to be in a state of collapse, and universal bankruptcy threatened the nation.

I HAVE a never-failing bank,  
A more than golden store,  
No earthly bank is half so rich,  
How, then, can I be poor?

'T is when my stock is spent and gone,  
And I without a groat,  
I'm glad to hasten to my bank,  
To beg a little note.

Sometimes my Banker smiling says,  
Why do n't you oftener come?  
And when you draw a little note,  
Why not a larger sum?

Why live so niggardly and poor,  
Your bank contains a plenty;  
Why come and take a one-pound note,  
When you may have a twenty?

Yes, twenty thousand, ten times told,  
Is but a trifling sum,

To what your Father hath laid up,  
Secure in God his Son.

Since then my Banker is so rich,  
I have no cause to borrow;  
I live upon my cash to-day,  
And draw on him to-morrow;

I've been a thousand times before,  
And never was rejected;  
Sometimes my Banker gives me more  
Than asked for, or expected.

Sometimes I felt a little proud,  
I managed things so clever!  
But ah! before the day was gone,  
I felt as poor as ever.

I know my bank can never fail,  
Its funds always the same,  
The firm, "Three persons in one God,"  
Jehovah is his name.

Should all the banks in Britain break,  
The Bank of England smash,  
Bring in your ore to Zion's bank,  
You'll surely get your cash;

And if you have but one small note,  
Fear not to bring it in;  
Come boldly to the Throne of Grace,  
The Banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused,  
Man's merits be rejected;  
There's not a single note will pass,  
That God has not accepted.

There's none but those beloved of God!  
Redeemed by precious blood,  
That ever had a note to bring—  
These are the gifts of God.

Though thousands, doubting, often say  
They have no notes at all,  
Because they feel the plagues of sin,  
So ruined by the fall.

This bank is full of precious notes,  
All signed, and sealed, and free,  
Though many a ransomed soul may say,  
"There is not one for me."

Base unbelief will lead the most  
To say what is not true;  
I tell all souls that feel they're lost,  
These notes belong to you.

The leper had a little note,  
"Lord, if you will, you can;"  
The Banker cashed this little note,  
And healed the sickly man.

We read of one young man, indeed,  
Whose riches did abound,  
But in the Banker's book of grace,  
His name was never found.

But see the wretched dying thief  
Hang by the Banker's side,  
He cried, "Dear Lord, remember me;"  
He got his cash and died.



## HEAVENLY CONVERSATION.

BY REV. E. M. GENUNG.

A FEW years ago thousands of persons left their pleasant homes, took up their line of march to the land of gold, and as they journeyed along, if a stranger drew near and listened, he heard them earnestly conversing on their probable success—the country whither they were traveling—its climate, productions, inhabitants, and what would be the result of their journey there. Their conversation was in California. Their thoughts traveled there long before they themselves arrived.

Among the busy multitudes that throng the earth there may be seen a company here, and a small collection there, a band of brethren gathered in some quiet retreat, and if you can draw near and listen, you will hear them conversing of a distant land whither they bend their course, and where they hope to arrive and spend the unending duration of an immortal day. Their conversation is in heaven. Their thoughts go forward to a country of which they have received an authentic account; they gaze a moment on the outline map that was sketched by the pencilings of inspiration; their faith reaches the distant realms that lie beyond the bounds of time and space; their active thoughts, and ardent hopes, and rising aspirations all center and revolve in that heavenly world. How sad it is to think and know that comparatively so few have their conversation in heaven!

Many take no interest in divine things, and allow their minds to become "earthly, sensual, devilish;" but those who are really baptized with the Holy Spirit delight to speak and hear of religious subjects, for these are ever new and always entertaining, sufficiently varied so as not to be monotonous, ranging over the works of creation, providence, and grace, yet always leading one onward and upward from these scenes of trial to the bright realities of a future life.

Real Christians love to talk of heaven because they have an interest there. It is to be their home. Here they are strangers and sojourners. The fireside circle, where cluster the tenderest of domestic affections, has already been broken. The inroads which death has made plainly tell that this is not their home. It is far beyond the twinkling orbs of the midnight sky; it is far up the heights of glory, where the angels love to fly as they bear away the ransomed spirit to its long-sought rest. There is a city there where the righteous expect to dwell. It is a real place: it is called the "New Jerusalem," the "city of the living God."

In that city there are beauties which all might desire to see, and of which the righteous love to speak. There are the paintings of the Divine Artist—the skill of the Eternal Architect!

When John was on the Isle of Patmos viewing the great disclosures through which the Almighty was leading him, an angel came and bore him up into an exceeding high mountain and showed him the beautiful city, the "New Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God." He saw its twelve foundations, its streets of gold, its jasper walls garnished with the precious stones of that celestial region, its massive gates of pearl, attended by angels; he saw the river of life gushing from the throne, and in its midst and on either side was the tree of life, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations.

We may call this figurative language, and etherealize the objects represented as we please, yet are they living, actual *realities*, as much as any thing that exists on earth. All those beauties which the revelator saw sparkled with a luster which they drew from the Sun of Righteousness and shone with a brightness all divine. They will never fade. The Creator gave them their magnificence and then dipped their colors in the waters of immortality, that they might bloom in loveliness when this earth shall have gone down to its grave of fire and the sun set in darkness—eclipsed by the glories of the heavenly world.

Treasure, employment, and companionship there, all combine to interest the pious heart and lead to the frequent practice of decidedly-religious, heavenly conversation. And such conversation will have a good effect on those who frequently engage in it. It will stimulate each other to activity. It is always encouraging. As the shout of victory over the battle-field arouses the courage of numbers, so religious conversation enlivens the hopes and quickens the pace of many a weary pilgrim; and there are times when the recital of a conflict and victory are better, and, on human minds, more powerful than would be a sermon preached by an archangel from heaven. It lightens affliction and reminds one that earthly sorrows are short—only for a time, and then will come perpetual joy. It strengthens and brightens those Christian graces that are implanted in the heart at conversion, and which need to be in frequent exercise in order to grow.

Heavenly conversation brings those who engage in it into a closer union with the Lord. When they "speak often to each other" in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, He speaks to them—to their hearts, and they can say as did the disciples, "Did not our hearts burn within

us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

How appropriately, then, may be said and sung the prayer:

"Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal,  
While here o'er earth we rove;  
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel  
The kindness of thy love."

When the heart is full of Divine grace, from its abundance the mouth will speak of excellent things—things pertaining to eternal life, and the effect will be to draw us nearer to the vicinity of the blessed, and into a closer, sweeter intercourse with Him who gave us power to speak.

#### DR. YOUNG AND THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY REV. S. L. LEONARD.

THE author of the "Night Thoughts" occupies a high place among England's "canonized bards." He was son of Dr. Edward Young, rector of Upham, where he was born in 1681. He was educated at Oxford, and obtained a fellowship at All Saints. He soon became an eager and not very scrupulous seeker after political promotion. He is said to have flattered the leaders of every political party as long as they possessed patronage, and to have ceased his attentions to them as soon as they went out of power. One of his principal patrons was the notorious Wharton, upon whom Pope and Macaulay have bestowed such an ignominious immortality. To this unprincipled politician he dedicated his "Revenge," the best of his tragedies. It was published in 1721. Many of his other poems were published about this time, among which were the "Force of Religion," "The Last Day," and the "Love of Fame." The second of these works was dedicated to Queen Anne, and the strains in which the courtly poet praises his royal mistress, contrast strangely with the character that impartial historians have drawn of her.

When he was about forty-four years old Young gave up his hopes of promotion as a layman and took orders in the Church. He soon became one of the royal chaplains; but this was the highest position to which his flatteries of the great ever raised him. In 1730 the rectory of Welwyn was presented to him, and the next year he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield. This lady died in 1741, and shortly after the poet was called to weep over the graves of her son and daughter by her former marriage. He has immortalized these young persons under the names of Philander and Narcissa. But when he represents the mother and children as having

all died in three months, he pays more attention to poetic effect than to historic truth. These losses gave birth to the "Night Thoughts," which was commenced in the same year in which his wife died. He himself died in 1765, aged eighty-four.

None of Young's works are now much read, except the "Night Thoughts," but upon that his fame rests securely. Although very few persons ever read the poem through, yet there is no danger of its being forgotten; for it contains many passages which if once read are always remembered. One of its most marked features is its originality. It is unlike any other poem, in both its plan and execution. It possesses great beauties and great faults. The poet has a powerful imagination, and some parts of his poem yield in sublimity only to "Paradise Lost." He has many noble sentiments nobly expressed; but it is evident that his genius was far superior to his taste. While he is often sublime, he is frequently bombastic. He is too fond of showing his wit, and there is too constant an effort to say things that shall attract attention by their unexpectedness.

But a more serious objection to the poem is its gloomy character. It hangs the heavens in black, and represents the earth as a scene of almost unalleviated wretchedness. True, it points man to the Cross, but still its religion is of a rather somber character. It is doubtful whether those poets most effectually serve the cause of religion who pour unmingled contempt upon earthly good. Would not they render their readers more virtuous if they would oftener remember that religion qualifies a man for the innocent enjoyments of life, instead of forbidding him to partake of them? Young's gloom, as a poet, was in a great part assumed. It is more than probable that he was sad over the death of his wife and her children when he commenced writing the "Night Thoughts," but that sadness wore off long before he completed it. During the latter part of that period his conversation was remarkable for its gaiety and frivolity.

Who would have suspected that this poem was written by an unsuccessful worldling, who still cherished in his heart the love of those things which he condemns in his song? There is too much reason to suppose that this was the real state of the case. It is certain some of his contemporaries have expressed doubts of the depth of his piety. The pious Richard Cecil was among those who entertained such suspicions. He tells us that had he preached to Young's parishioners and urged upon them the claims of religion with the same ardor that is manifested in the "Night Thoughts," the noble bard would have been

alarmed at his temerity. When the Doctor was applied to for advice by a person in distress on account of his sins, he directed him to go more into the world. He could sing grandly of the unsatisfying and fading character of earth's wealth and fame; yet he showed by his conduct that his heart was far from being weaned from them. There was too much cause for Swift's lines, in which, speaking of the court, he says:

"Where Gay was banished in disgrace;  
Where Pope will never show his face;  
Where Young must torture his invention  
To flatter *knaves* or lose his *pension*."

"AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY  
STRENGTH BE."

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHY.

"A THOUSAND A YEAR."

"SALES were pretty dull to-day, Rebecca," said Mr. Clements to his wife, as the pleasant family circle were gathered around the cheerful supper-table. "Mr. Asher says they shall be obliged to discharge several clerks next week if affairs do n't brighten."

"I hope you will not be one, Charles," said his wife anxiously, as she passed him a cup of fragrant tea. "What could we do if you should lose your situation?"

"I hardly think I shall if the firm can go on at all. I am the oldest clerk in the house and best acquainted with the business. But if I should," he continued, with a bright smile, "we are still good for a thousand a year, as I can prove to you by high authority, no other than the great Dr. Johnson himself."

"I shall be very glad to have you make it appear," said his wife, with an answering smile.

"He says the habit of always looking on the bright side of every thing is worth a thousand pounds a year, and I am sure no one has that faculty in such perfection as my little wife."

"Ah, yes," said Rebecca, with a merry glance in her sweet, brown eyes, "that may apply very well where there is a 'bright side' to look upon. But only see what a case ours is. Here we have taxes to pay for the first time in our lives, because this dear little home is all our own. If we were renting still our landlord would have had that bill to pay. Then there are these three hearty children to provide for, all in perfect health, with cheeks like fresh peaches," and she looked with a mother's pride and pleasure on the happy group. "How much poorer their appetites would be if they were only puny and delicate," she added as she helped each one to an-

other round of delicious toast, while the children laughed outright at mother's idea of economizing on them. "Then there are forty dollars invested in my sewing-machine. To be sure it has earned more than that these past two years, but forty dollars would buy a great many pounds of flour. Then our little garden, which has done so well it will take a man a whole day to gather in the vegetables, so there will be his wages to pay. Altogether, husband, you see I have made out a pretty shady picture."

"I only wish all my friends had the same sort of shades in their landscapes these hard times, and such a good artist to point them out. Yes, Rebecca, if the worst does come we have a sweet home of our own, with a thousand comforts the hard times can not touch. We have the dear children to nerve us on when we grow desponding, and, best of all, you have a strong, brave heart, which rises superior to every trial."

"Indeed, Charles, it has hardly known a trial yet, and I can scarcely guess how it would bear up. In the one great trial of our lives you know it was weak enough," and her thoughts turned sadly to a little daisy-covered mound away on sweet Mulberry Hill.

"Yes, Rebecca, but we both found strength and comfort where we can always find it, at the feet of our compassionate Savior. And now if we are all ready, dears, we will unite in our evening prayer, for Mattie's blue eyes begin to look sleepy already," said the loving father, taking his youngest pet, a fair-haired daughter of five Summers, and placing her on his knee, while Emma, a gentle, womanly girl of nine, brought the big Bible and placed it at her father's hand upon the table. Willie moved an ottoman to his mother's side and laid his head upon her knee, and all were ready for the evening devotions.

The little people were in bed at an early hour, the work all cleared away, and a well-shaded lamp placed on the little work-table. Rebecca sat down to put the finishing stitches in a garment, which the dainty fingers of the sewing-machine had nearly completed.

"What a fortunate investment that sewing-machine was!" said her husband. "How much drudgery it has saved you, and how much it has helped us in paying for the place!"

"How thankful we ought to be, Charles, that the place was paid for, every dollar, last year! If we had waited till this year and spent the last hundred on furniture, as we sometimes talked of doing, what an unfortunate thing it would have been for us!"

"It would, indeed; but I have often wondered how we ever managed in these ten years to save

money enough on seven hundred a year to buy such a little queen of a place, just at the pleasantest distance from the city. It will soon double in value if times grow prosperous again. It was all your doings, I am sure, Rebecca. You would be a treasure in any merchant's counting-house. I shall certainly take you into partnership when I set up for myself."

"You will not dissolve the old one, I hope," she replied laughingly.

"But indeed, Charles, I do not deserve so much credit for saving money. You never waste it on cigars, glasses of wine, opera-tickets, and the like. You are not ashamed to wear in the office a coat your wife has mended at the elbow; and though we have as many treats and real luxuries as the richest, we take care that they shall not be expensive ones. I have sometimes been surprised myself when I saw how the savings accumulated. That savings-box in the bureau was a great stroke of policy."

"I remember how surprised I was when it was opened at the end of the first year," said Mr. Clements. "I thought twenty-five dollars was a high figure to guess, and you did not think it would exceed fifty. Yet there were just eighty-seven dollars and four cents. I shall never forget it, nor our pleasure over it."

"I wish every working-man, woman, and child could be induced to lay by something every week from their earnings, if it is only a half dime—to save a trifle out of all they receive, to be used in times of emergency, when other resources are cut off. Then, Charles, I think God has prospered doubly our nine-tenths, because of the one-tenth we set aside strictly for his service. Even little Mattie feels that the Lord's portion is far more sacred than that which we lay aside for ourselves. Even if your firm should fail, I think we could get along this year with little suffering. I have something to do on the machine nearly every week, and now there is a quantity of soldiers' clothing wanted right away. By making an effort, I am confident that I can get something of that kind to do."

So with mutual cheering the evening hours passed away, and Mr. and Mrs. Clements, by looking steadily at the brightest side of their affairs, gathered new courage for the future, however dark it might prove to be. Above all, they sought for strength and direction from the Fountain of all strength, and they arose from their deep, earnest supplications with subdued spirits. Yet their faith took firmer hold of God's precious promises, doubly dear in these times of trial.

#### THE TRIAL AND THE SACRIFICE.

Another week had rolled away, as countless

throng had done before, onward to the great sea.

"So they come and go  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,  
As it runs through this realm of tears."

Like all other weeks it had been brimful of events—some joyous, some sorrowful, some prosperous, some disastrous. The great importing-house of "Asher & Brothers" stood with closed shutters through all the long Summer day. Who can tell the wide-spread suffering which the failure of one such firm involves!

There were marks of sorrow and inward pain on the brows of Mr. and Mrs. Clements as they sat down again to the nicely-spread tea-table, but their children heard only cheerful, loving words. They went to their peaceful slumbers that night with untroubled spirits, to awake in the morning refreshed and joyous. O what a blessed thing is the sleep of childhood! Mother, never allow your child to go to its rest with a chill on its soul, caused by your reproving words. Let the last good-night greetings be tender and loving. Even if the little feet have strayed ever so widely from the right way, point it out gently, and kneel with the little one to ask God's forgiveness. Think, O mother, how far you have wandered this day from your heavenly Father, and let the thought make you humble even in the presence of your little one. It makes my heart ache to see a child go to its rest with a tear on its eyelash and a quiver on its rosy lip. The world, with its harshness and coldness, will soon enough rob the pillow of its dreamless slumber, without a parent's hand adding a needless care or pain.

"What would you say, Rebecca, to my enlisting?" asked Mr. Clements almost abruptly as they sat, as usual, by the pleasant evening lamp.

"O, Charles, you can not think of that!" answered the wife with a tone and look which vibrated through every fiber of his soul.

"I must do something, Rebecca, and all along I have felt that I might be holding back from what was my duty. Perhaps God has sent this very piece of adversity to compel me into what I should have gone forward cheerfully to perform."

"But, O Charles, think of the danger! Think what would become of us if you should go away and never return again." And unable to sustain the sudden gush of emotion, added to the already heavy burden of the day, she bent her head upon the table and wept convulsively. A strong arm was round her, and her throbbing head quickly found a gentler resting-place, while a low, sweet music tone spoke precious words of cheer. At



length a calmer mood succeeded, and then a long, earnest conversation followed.

"Could we bear to think of our own dear ones," said Mr. Clements, "and millions of others unknown to us, living in a land without a government, or under the most oppressive anarchy the world has ever known? Can we think of our precious children growing up under the demoralizing influences such a state of society must produce, exposed to the dangers it must involve? Could we bear to see our glorious Government destroyed, and a system of misrule, which has slavery for its avowed corner-stone, substituted in its stead? God grant that we shall never see our fair land cursed by the auction-block, where are sold for money the bodies and souls of men, of mothers and babies! No, Rebecca, better that I and ten thousand other husbands and fathers should fall in the battlefield, than that such a great moral wrong should be done. Any amount of suffering is better than the smallest degree of sinning."

And so, on that quiet Summer evening, the decision was made, that in a week's time he should leave his pleasant home for the toils and privations of camp life.

"If I should fall, Rebecca," he said, "I shall feel that it is in God's service; and, 'Becca, I would say this to you now, that it may comfort you if the worst should come—I have felt nearer to God this past year than ever in all my Christian course before. The eternal world seemed very near that Autumn evening when we laid our baby down among the violets. From that hour I have loved as I never did before the sacred Hand which raised my bleeding heart. It was a *pierced* hand, Rebecca, and the heart we leaned upon bore the mark of the cruel spear. He who has tasted the depths of suffering knows how to comfort those who mourn. O what a glorious thought," he added with a kindling eye, "that when this little hour of trial and pain is over, we shall see him as he is; not as now 'through a glass darkly, but face to face' 'If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.'"

The tears were dropping silently upon the hand she held in both her own, but the heart grew stronger as they read together the cheering words of the ninety-first Psalm—words that have cheered a thousand burdened, trembling souls, bestowing a heavenly peace, which the world could never give nor take away.

The week which followed the decision was too busy to leave any time for repining; when the heart is heavy it is often a blessing to have the hands full. A vigorous industry is the best preventive for gloom and despondency. So many

things must be done to make the absent one as comfortable as possible under such great disadvantages; so many little conveniences must be thought of and condensed into the smallest possible bulk, so as to occupy no perceptible space in the soldier's knapsack; and after every pin was in its place, Rebecca was still dissatisfied and anxious lest there should be something forgotten, which it might have been possible to stow away, and which her soldier would greatly need. Her husband laughed gayly over her perplexity, and said she could send the rest in her letters from time to time, and he would keep her faithfully advised of all his needs, which she could possibly supply; with which assurance she at length contented herself.

"It is not every poor fellow who goes out so well equipped," he said as he watched the process of the simple packing; "I only wonder how you ever thought of all these little buttons and things—needles already threaded too. But no fear of any of my buttons ever coming off. They never had that habit. But I can accommodate some neighbor who has no such wife to sew them on well in the start."

There were two pleasant chambers of their new home which were unoccupied, and it had been decided upon that Rebecca should take a few boarders while her husband was absent. The society would be better for mind and body than for her to remain alone with her children, and the receipts might add to their somewhat diminished income. Her husband, too, had thought that in case any accident should befall himself this might be a resource, which should keep from want the dear ones depending on his arm. He would not sadden the tender heart, already overburdened, by such a suggestion; but was much relieved when he saw the pleasant rooms taken possession of, the one by two reliable gentlemen with whom he was well acquainted, and the other by a widow lady and a daughter near the age of Emily. She had one son away at the seat of war, and she prayed that circumstances might enable Mr. Clements to be often near him to offer words of friendly sympathy and counsel, and if any accident befell him, to afford that kindly care and attention which she could not expect from stranger hands.

"Your joining the same regiment has removed a great burden from my heart," she said, "though it has added such a heavy one to Mrs. Clements. We will make a mutual agreement to look after each other's absent ones. See particularly how the dear boy spends his Sabbaths, and keep him with you as much as you can. He is easily led, and O, I have such a dread of evil associates!"

How many mothers' hearts to-day share with her the same anxious, agonizing fears!

The moment of parting was past almost before Rebecca knew it had come. All was bustle and excitement. The band which accompanied the soldiers to the railroad station filled the air with their spirit-stirring strains. The Stars and Stripes were fluttering gayly at every turn, and the hearty threefold cheers of the assembled citizens spoke their earnest, heart-felt sympathy.

The day wore on, and a feeling of utter desolation stole over the lonely heart of her who had yielded her dearest treasure to the altar of her country. Ah, there are a thousand heroes in our land this day who have never looked on a battle-field.

"The wife who girds her husband's sword,  
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder—  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of war around him rattle,  
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the plain of battle."

"JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING."

The longest day will have its sunset, and no one minute of pain and sorrow can ever come back a second time. The necessity for exertion was the best medicine for Rebecca's sorrowing heart, and she at once began to busy herself with her domestic affairs. Her boarders and children must be made comfortable, though her heart should break. So with her own hands she mixed and molded the snowy tea-cakes, sliced and sprinkled with sugar the delicious pine-apple, cut up the ruddy boiled ham and sponge-cake, and superintended the young servant girl in the table-setting. Unconsciously her spirits grew lighter. She began to turn once more, as was her wont, to the brightest side of affairs, and when she sat down at her table with the social company around her, she began to feel almost cheerful. Her husband had well comprehended her needs when he proposed this little domestic arrangement. Activity of body and mind have saved from perilous reefs unnumbered precious lives.

Very soon long letters began to come from the absent one. Even little Mattie had her share, duly sealed, stamped, and directed to her own pet name. Was there ever so proud and happy a child! and what possible spot could she find in the house good enough to store her treasure in! Mother's letters were longest though, and full of interest for them all. How heartily they laughed over some of his descriptions of camp-life, and how they longed to share their own scarcely-appreciated home comforts with him!

"You ought to see," he wrote, "what a nice mattress I have made for myself of these elastic hemlock boughs. I cut off a pile of twigs two feet high, and with my knapsack for pillow and blanket for covering sleep like a prince. I do n't think you would consider our campfire very appetizing. But a slice or two of bread and a piece of pork, with a tin-cup full of coffee, none the clearest even, makes a great deal better breakfast than morning air, if it is ever so fresh and fragrant. We must claim a little indulgence when we get home, if we are rather awkward in the use of such superfluities as knives, forks, plates, cups, and saucers, and so on. I have whittled out for myself quite a creditable spoon, which I intend to preserve for my posterity. I suppose I must thank my six years' sojourn in Yankee-land for this accomplishment. The spoon did me good service to-day. One of our mess has a good old mother who lives about a dozen miles from camp. She sent him down this morning by a farmer the biggest plum pudding you ever saw. The pan to hold it was made on purpose, and it contained a whole box of raisins, as a trifling addition to its other ingredients. Sixteen of us dined sumptuously off it, and there is enough left for an indefinite number of lunches.

"Do not think I am at all uncomfortable on account of our ordinary rations. I spread my hemlock chip every morning—in imagination—with those 'magic breakfast-cakes' my wife used to make, and pour out a cup of her amber coffee, and so manage to fare sumptuously. I do n't think I shall ever fret over washing-day dinners when I get home, ["as if he ever did," thought Rebecca,] nor sigh for any rich man's luxuries. Six hours' hard exercise every day gives us sharp appetites, and if our food is coarse it is abundant. We did not come here for self-indulgence, but to do what we may to save our beloved country from ruin.

"I often think when we are taking our meals here by the river-side of a little fire of coals, with fish laid thereon, and the few barley loaves which furnished a breakfast for the most distinguished guests this world has ever entertained. The thought makes me humble and sweetens the dryest morsel. Truly 'the servant is not above his Lord.' We are expecting daily to be moved on, and a battle may not be far distant. Pray for us all, as I know you always do, my love, that 'the God of armies' may go with us."

It was a quiet July evening, and the train rattled through the little suburban village as usual, pausing a minute to deposit a part of its burden. What was it in those still damp evening papers that blanched every face that bent over them?

A great battle had been fought, our forces were repulsed with terrible slaughter, and were fleeing before the enemy.

"What matter if they do flee so my loved one is safe," was the first thought of a hundred woman hearts. "Can you not tell us that?" said every inquiring eye as it hastily scanned the glaring columns. "Better you had kept your tidings than not to tell us that." Ah, the present age develops few Spartan matrons—

"Then spake the mother to her son,  
And pointed to his shield,  
Come with it when the battle's done,  
Or on it from the field."

The last pale star of morning faded, and yet Rebecca's pillow was undisturbed. She had been all night alone with God, and her calm, wan face bore witness that the struggle had not been in vain.

The morning news kindled fresh hope in every breast. The first accounts had been much exaggerated, and the numbers of killed and wounded vastly over-stated, "yet even of that diminished number," thought Rebecca, "he may be one. He may be lying cold and ghastly on the field, or tortured with the anguish of dreadful wounds, which no loving hands will bind and soothe, and I so far away! But Jesus is near him wherever he is, and in his hands I must leave him." Then she sought to comfort the heart of the almost distracted mother, whose fears for "Ned" had caused her also to spend a sleepless night. In cheering her she felt her own hopeful spirit revive again. About midday a lad brought Rebecca a telegram. O what a moment of suspense, while with eager, trembling hands she tore off the envelope! Seven blissful words were all it contained, but they were enough:

"Ned and I both safe and well.

"YOUR HUSBAND."

The two women wept on each other's necks, and from that hour there was a bond as strong and enduring as life itself between them. There is nothing like a companionship in suffering to draw together kindred hearts, and now that the same glad tidings warmed both bosoms, their rejoicings were kindled together. All lesser trials seemed forgotten; even the pain of separation was swallowed up in this great joy. Yet did they not forget the thousand sorrowing hearts who had no such cheering words that day, who would watch in vain for a sign or a token from a hand that was stilled forever.

#### THE MIDNIGHT SENTINEL.

Weeks rolled on and again the letters spoke only of the customary round of camp duties.

Ned wrote to his mother how all the soldiers loved Mr. Clements, and how eagerly the sick ones watched for his daily visits. Those visits were blessed of God to more than one poor, perishing soul; for Charles never forgot that he was a spiritual soldier under the "red cross banner," and never did he feel more firmly resolved to die grasping his colors.

How Rebecca's heart went with him as he described the sentinel-beat he kept those lonely moonlit nights! "They are good hours, my wife, for I live over in them the happy days we have spent together. Never in all the day am I drawn so near to you. It is so quiet around me, and the gentle starlight, you love so well, falls like a silver mist upon the river, vale, and wood. I need not say to you, who know so well my inmost heart, how naturally my thoughts go up to Him who made the stars. These are my Bethel hours, and O how many 'Mizpahs' has my soul set up within this quiet round! Then, too, I think of a little, sacred chamber far away, where I know a kindred altar is daily raised.

'And guarding thus my lonely beat,  
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,  
This vision seems my view to greet,  
Of her at home who prays for me.

So, though the leagues lie far between,  
This silent incense of her heart  
Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,  
And we no longer are apart.'

Was it a prophetic shadow which caused him to describe so minutely that sentinel round?

The next letter came from Ned; but his mother's hand shook while she read it, and she stole an anxious, anguished look at her friend, who sat happily working over some garment for her absent soldier. Chancing to look up at the moment she noticed the strange expression, and instantly asked in some alarm:

"What has agitated you so, Mrs. Miller? Has any thing happened to Ned?"

"He is very well," replied the mother, "but, O my friend, you must read his letter yourself," and bursting into tears she rose to leave the room.

"I do not need to," said Rebecca, ashy pale, as she took it in her trembling hand.

"Shot down while on sentinel duty," was all she saw of it that day.

Ah, stricken heart, there is but one resting-place for you! The tender pillow on which you thought to rest your dying head, when gray hairs were about your temples, has been rudely torn away; and wherefore, but that you may learn to rest it only on the bosom of infinite Love? Weep on, heart-broken mourner! your Savior wept, and he will not chide your tears. He will the

rather seek to wipe them away with that same "pierced hand" which has beforetime soothed your bitter sorrows.

Through Ned's faithfulness and the affectionate regard of his companions, the precious dead was tenderly cared for and brought back to his home with military honors. They were but an empty show, indeed, to her who stood and gazed upon that peaceful, noble face. O, how can a soul that has no Almighty arm to lean upon bear up under such a burden? Rebecca's heart grew calmer in its agony, as she gazed upon that sainted marble. They bore him away at last and laid him down beside her other treasure, and she returned with her little ones to the desolate home. O, would he never come back! Would she never hear again upon the threshold that clear ringing step, which never failed to bring a thrill to her heart and the light of joy to her eye? Yet her wounded heart gratefully acknowledged that the affliction had been kindly tempered with mercy. What a comfort that last letter was! Ah, well she knew that her memory was his latest thought of earth, a prayer his dying breath. It was many days before her spirit found the rest it longed for, even in its Savior's love. When her darling baby died she had still the strong arm of her husband to lean upon; his loving heart to share her grief and whisper words of cheer. Now she must walk by faith and not by sight.

For her children's sake she must arouse herself. She must nerve her feeble woman's arm and go forth alone to battle with the world. It was a hard task to interest herself again in the little every-day duties which demanded her attention. But by degrees her patient effort was rewarded. It was sweet to feel, in the words of an author she much loved, that "if she did but bathe the weary feet of her little children, the recording angel wrote it down." He who had kept her soul from sinking under its heavy burden noted every feeble struggle, and was ever ready with his helping hand. O, what a glorious thought it is, that in Jesus we can find all and infinitely more than we have lost; more that is loving, protective, and tender; more of loveliness and every excellence! In him all fullness dwells.

It was only when her heart bowed low and submissively as a little child, that Peace again folded her white wings within her bosom. Kind friends were raised up about her, and she felt that the God of the widow was faithful to his promises. Her soul was filled with praise and wonder when she looked back upon the dark waters through which she had been called to pass, and could only think of herself as a monument of that mercy which has said, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

O, how many broken-hearted mourners the past few months have made within our once peaceful, happy country! How many households weep for "the strong staff and the beautiful rod" severed forever by a single stroke! O, mourning heart, there is no comfort for you, except it be found in Jesus! Commit your way to him in well-doing, and you shall yet be able to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." And O, when this little day of life is over, and we look back on all the pilgrim way through which his hand has so kindly led us, then, if not before,

"We all shall sweetly tell,  
On Canaan's fair and happy shore,  
He doeth all things well."

### NUTTING.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

AWAY in the distant woodland,  
On the southern slope of the hill  
That bounded the vision of boyhood,  
The beeches are standing still.

You can see them—the same old beeches—  
Through memory's purple haze,  
And over you falls the sunshine  
Of the old October days.

And there are your merry comrades,  
And happy groups of girls—  
There are violet eyes of brightness,  
And a shine of golden curls.

The tiny brown nuts are lying  
Thick on the leaf-strewn ground,  
And jesting and joyous laughter  
Echo merrily around.

One by one, from the spaces of sunshine,  
The loosening leaves float down—  
Slow through the still air sailing,  
Crimson, and gold, and brown.

Now and then a lingering wood-bird  
From the bending boughs overhead,  
Drops a jubilant ripple of singing—  
A note from the May that is dead.

O, blessed October sunshine!  
O, haze of the old home hill!  
O, blue eyes that brightened your boyhood,  
And beam on your memory still!

The sun shines to-day on the hill-slope,  
The old beeches are bending low,  
But you drifted away from their shelter  
Full many a year ago.

When your feet are weary with marching,  
When sorrows and cares increase,  
Go back and sit in their shadow;  
They will give you quiet and peace.

The hope and the faith that are wasted  
Will return with the visions of yore,  
And the child-heart, trustful and tender,  
Come back to your breast once more.



## THE LITTLE TRIANON—MARIA ANTOINETTE'S SUMMER COTTAGE.

BY C. G. COMEY, M. D.

I COULD only give two hours to Versailles! Let the reader smile; but the inexorable train would leave at 6, P. M., to convey the Adriatic's passengers to the ship. However, years before I had "done" Versailles in two visits! Let the "traveled" reader smile again, when one has the presumption to say he "did" Versailles in two visits; for he knows that weeks only can suffice for the inspection; so vast are the museums, the gardens, the park of Versailles.

But I had only two hours between the arrival and departure of the trains that connect with Paris, and I resolved to hunt up again that quiet, secluded, romantic spot where Maria Antoinette loved to retire in Summer from the brilliancy of her Court into simple and unembarrassed rustic life, vainly hoping to realize those dreams of pastoral happiness so beautifully represented by her Court painter, Barteun.

The "Swiss Cottage" is the center of the most secluded portion of the great park known as the Little Trianon. There the youthful queen, with a very limited and select circle, spent a short time during the hot term of Summer in entire seclusion.

Whatever nature lacked to make up the romantic, art accomplished. A labyrinthine path, skirted by the tangled wildness of a forest, leading you into secluded, rocky recesses, where hidden fountains send forth their sparkling waters from the depths of grottos never heated by the ardent sun; and by meadow levels, where the richest grasses are cropped all day by the quiet cow or nimble goat—onward, till at last, if without a guide, bewildered in your search, you are brought to the pebbled beach and grassy banks of a beautiful water; you pause to enjoy the charming scene.

The little lake, like a mirror, reflects the skirting woods, and verdant slopes, and thatched group of farm-houses at its western curve. They were built in true Swiss style for the Queen. The roofs are thatched with straw. There still remain the spring-house and dairy where she made butter with her own hands—the poultry-yard, where she fed her broods—the kitchen, with its ovens and culinary ware hanging on familiar nails.

The house is planned of simplest structure—the chambers are reached by a covered open stairs at one end. The table stands yet in the dining-room surrounded by its chairs; the andirons are in the fireplace; the old clock, by the

wall; the chests of drawers, the buffet—in short, whatever could be gathered, after the scattering by the mobs of the Revolution, have been brought back and placed in old positions.

The little mill where the grain was rudely ground, the out-buildings of every description yet stand as they were left seventy years ago!

How beautiful, yet how sad that spot! Imagination could reanimate it, when poor Maria, in her simple garb, played the farmer's wife, or the baker's, or the miller's. Here she was happy; the evil courtiers were not permitted entrance; court intrigue, the bane of her life, was here powerless; a short, though only for a short time, she could breathe the pure, fragrant air of woods and meadows, unfettered by the tedious ceremonies of the palace.

But, alas, how silent now! Two sentinels guard the place, for no foot is allowed to step upon the floor sacred to the painful memory of her for whom it was built. No woman since upon the throne of France, has presumed to make it, as she, a place of mimic abode; they could as soon have thought of living in her tomb. An old tree, falling, but lodged in the arms of a young and vigorous maple, as it was rocked to and fro by the freshly-blowing breeze, gave forth most piteous moans, like a mourner seeking that rest which all who had made the past happy had found. The ducks loudly quacked on the water, the swan sailed around in quiet leisure, and the fish darted beneath; nothing besides gave any animation to the scene. I plucked a few leaves and picked up a few pebbles as *souvenirs de voyage* and turned sadly away.

I could not but reflect on the checkered history of its former occupant. Young, beautiful, virtuous, gifted; she had an "opportunity," such as no other woman surpassed, to bless a nation with her example. If, while she sought to imitate the life of the humble peasant, she could have felt the appeal for help that was coming up to the monarch from every peasant of his domains—from the lowly, downtrodden, oppressed masses; and had she labored to ameliorate them, the horrors of the Revolution might have been spared, and her own name embalmed very differently in the hearts of the world. But she missed her "opportunity," though it seems as if her good angel, by giving her such rustic tastes, had hoped to lead her into it. Alas for Maria Antoinette! alas for humanity! her frivolous, gay, though innocent nature, could not perceive such incentive; it was a mere pastime, this living in a farmer's cottage, a play-scene.

Not but that she had stern, enduring, heroic traits, inherited from Maria Theresa, and a long line back to the Roman State; but these

she only manifested when hunted by the wrath and revenge of the outraged nation; when, with every earthly hope gone, every affection mangled and bleeding, suffering cruelties that only savage brutality could invent, with no one to lean upon in her dread trials for support or express sympathy with her agony, she stood up at last to die. And she died without sighing, without tears, without fear. Vainly the mob hooted and hurled at her ten thousand reproaches; calmly, serenely, with her thoughts all beyond, she met her fate.

I have seen the spot where Maria Antoinette died, and that where her body was ignominiously buried. The former, the center of a magnificent square—the Place de la Concorde—is marked by the obelisk brought from Luxor, where it had been erected to the memory of an Egyptian king fifteen centuries before Christ; the latter is the site of a beautiful chapel, where prayers are every day chanted for the repose of her soul.

The powerful influence of public opinion, for good or evil, is strikingly illustrated in the history of Maria Antoinette. She disregarded or was indifferent to it, and it crushed her.

The most improbable and wicked stories that were set on foot in regard to her character she took but little pains to contradict. Feeling secure in her position on the throne of the most absolute and powerful monarchy, she acted as if she could defy all the machinations of her enemies. This only quickened the zeal of her foes. Every means was resorted to for her defamation. Her virtue, honesty, religion, maternal feelings, expenditures, private and public life, were continually attacked by pamphlets, by theatrical representations, by malign courtiers, and eminent ecclesiastics. The celebrated opera, "The Barber of Seville," was written by Beaumarchais to satirize the royal pair. And when at last force was resorted to to crush the efforts of her enemies, the king found himself almost powerless: it was too late; the whole public had become infected with the belief of her despicable character.

Let no one defy public opinion. Maria Antoinette is a woman of history: her life, her example, and her fate appeal constantly to those whose lofty position enables them to do much good or evil. A more careful conduct and more effort to popularize her office with the nation, and actively entering into plans with her much weaker-minded husband for the amelioration of the political and social wrongs and miseries of the common people, would have saved France to the monarchy and its upper classes from the terrible Revolution. Her last words, as she turned her eyes from the scaffold to the tower of the Temple, were, "Adieu! adieu! once again, my dear children; I go to rejoin your father."

#### THE CAPTAIN ON DECK.

BY SWEELAH.

IT was a fine night when I went to bed—or turned in, as the sailors say. Our good ship was treading her course steadily beneath the bright stars, and all on board were in pleasant and hopeful spirits.

I must have slept some hours, then I dreamed. It was a frightful dream of driving through crowded streets, and the horse running away and dashing the vehicle from side to side, at the imminent risk of flinging me out and breaking my neck. To prevent this I grasped the panel and held my seat firmly, though the noise, the tumult, and the alarm made my heart beat with terror.

But gradually the danger and the confusion changed their form. I was not in a carriage, rushing and jolting through city streets, upsetting every thing it met, while frightened crowds shouted and ran, but in a ship, rocking on a tempestuous sea, with tramping feet and anxious words, creaking timbers and cordage, and the wild wail of wind and water, mingling together in discordant swell—I was awake.

With the tenacity of my dream-instinct I was holding tightly to the side of my berth, or I should, doubtless, have been pitched headlong, while the tremor in which I found myself prevented for some minutes my thinking calmly or realizing my situation.

By an effort of my will, however, I collected my ideas and set my reason in operation, and then came a hope in which to trust.

Involuntarily I raised my head from the pillow and listened. You would think it impossible to distinguish sounds in the uproar that prevailed within and without the vessel; but my ear was interested, and its sense became sharpened to the finest point. Soon over my head came a step, unsteady from the motion of the ship, and mixed up with the trappings of other feet, yet I knew it; and a voice—not loudly above but clearly apart from the rude *melée* of the hour—entered with satisfying distinctness my eager ear. It was enough. I laid my head down on the pillow again with the comfortable certainty that the ship and my safety were properly being cared for—the captain was on deck.

The officers were accomplished navigators, and in their hands the ship *might* ride out the gale; but in the captain's masterly intellect I had perfect trust. Had any circumstances prevented his taking command in that hour of danger I should have felt fear; but *he* was on deck and my heart ceased its beating.

"Are you dead?" inquired a lady as she entered my cabin. I replied in the negative.

"Then you must be insensible," she said, "to lie still there on such a night as this!"

"I should get up," I said, "if I could do any good, but I know the captain will do all that can be done."

She turned and left me in disgust.

A few minutes after an old priest put in his head and asked me to come out to the saloon and join in the litany to the Virgin. I begged to be excused, saying that my hope was in the captain, not in the Virgin, and, regretting my want of piety, he retired. And so I lay still till daylight spread over the scene, when, though still in rough waters, we were in safe bearings, and the frightened passengers restored to calm.

At breakfast the conversation was all upon the affairs of the night, each one dwelling upon his or her alarm. At length the captain turning to me asked where I was, adding, "I did n't see you running about crying."

"I remained in my berth," I replied; "I heard you on deck, captain, and felt no fear."

I think I see the pleased smile that overspread his bronze features as he brought down his hand emphatically on the table, exclaiming, "There's the most sensible passenger on board."

But why do I tell this little incident? Is it worth narrating?

The latter question I do not answer, the first I shall. It has had an influence on my Christian life; it has taught me a lesson on the subject of faith such as I never learned from sermons or books, and I tell it with a hope that it may benefit others.

I find on the sea of religious experience not always smooth sailing. Storms will arise and shake my vessel, even threatening it with destruction; but when I hear the Captain of my salvation above me—his step over my head, his voice amid the warring elements—whatever of fear I may have felt before is banished, and my spirit settles into a sweet and happy calm.

Nature being weak needs rest, and, in hours of security, I may sink to sleep. But should temptation rise and seek to overwhelm me in these unguarded seasons, some warning dream will wake me, when the first act of restored consciousness is to listen for my Savior's voice, and, hearing that, I know I shall be able to endure. The storm may be violent, so that I may be obliged to cling tightly to my berth to save myself from being thrown out; but I find my hands strong to maintain my hold, and my nerves equal to bear the jolting and pitching of the ship till, by my Captain's guiding power, I ride out the gale in safety.

And, like as in that midnight storm, my feeling of confidence in the captain's navigable skill was my only comfort—I had not the sympathy or approbation of my fellow-passengers; so do I find it in life. In seasons of darkness and danger, when trouble rises like a tempest, some look on me and wonder at my placid patience, think me dead to feeling, and upbraid me with apathy and unconcern. Others approach and invite me to seek aid from whence no aid can come, or to put my trust in an arm of flesh, believing me to be stupid or perverse when I decline. And if I tell the source of my confidence, the ground of my hope, they call me a visionary and smile with scorn. Lying quietly at the feet of Jesus, hearkening to his voice and believing on him for full deliverance from every evil, is not understood by the world. O, that the Church understood it better!

And as, in that memorable night, I did not see the captain, or understand in the least what plan he was pursuing in the navigation of the vessel; I only distinguished his step over my head, and his voice in the deafening clamor, and thus knowing he was on deck felt that every thing would be done wisely and well; so as I rock on the rough waters of life, in storm and darkness, I can not see my Lord, and "his ways are past finding out;" but my listening ear discovers his step and voice, I feel his presence, and, satisfied that my temporal affairs and eternal destinies are safe in his hands, I lie still, hold fast, and enjoy perfect peace, remembering the words of Jesus, "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

The captain was pleased when he heard of my confidence in him, and commended me above all his passengers. Well, do we not read, "Without faith it is impossible to please God?" And, as for the commendation, is it not written respecting a good king, "He trusted in the Lord God of Israel, so that after him was none like him among all the kings of Judah, nor any that were before him."

There is this difference, however, that our heavenly Captain will not need to be told of our confidence in him, for we read, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him."

I have done. If this little fact in my history should give a profitable hint to one weak, tried, or tempted spirit, I may, perhaps, be encouraged to relate another.

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HASTY ebullitions are often best met by silence, for the shame that follows the sober, second thought pierces deeper than rebuke.

## CIRCUMLOCUTION OF THE SIAMESE.

THERE is much that is poetically periphrastic in the Siamese language. The word for content is "good heart." Lips are designated by words meaning "the light or beauty of the mouth;" a flower, "the world's glory;" a crocodile, "son of the water." An augmentative is made by the use of the word *mother*; a diminutive, by that of *son*. La Loubere says he could not discover *any* word in Siamese resembling European, except *po*—father—and *me*—mother—but these two sounds, or something approaching them, being the first lisps of infancy, he might have found indicating the parental relations in almost every language of the world.

The modes of address are as various as the various ranks of society, and any failure in the proper forms of conversational respect to a superior is immediately resented. A child of low condition is called "you rat!" simply; to a child of the middle ranks a more respectable prefix is added, equal to "Master Rat," or "Miss Mouse." Children of nobles are called "father" and "mother" by their subordinates. A title equivalent to *mister* and *mistress* is in use among equals, but is deemed courtesy to add some term of family endearment, as *mother*, *father*. A woman younger than the person addressing her is called "my younger sister;" if older, "my elder sister;" to a magistrate is used the term "benefactor," "fatherly benefactor;" to a prince, "Mighty sovereign, the dust of your feet, the sole of your foot, waits your orders." The phrase, "I ask for your orders," occurs at every stage of conversation with dignitaries. The name of the king must not be uttered by the subject; he is always referred to by a periphrasis, such as "the master of life," "the lord of the land," "the supreme head." A short specimen among many furnished to Bishop Pallegoix by a learned bonze, exhibits, in a verbal discourse between the king and one of his pages, the literal phraseology employed:

"The order of the most merciful king having descended upon the hairs and the head of Saraphet Phakdi, his Majesty said, 'Mr. Saraphet! get a ship ready; take merchandise from the royal warehouses and fill the ship.'

"*Page*. My august lord! I receive your orders on my hair and my head.

"And the page worshiped, and, crawling away, he examined the ship, which he manned and loaded with merchandise, and returned to the court, and worshiped, saying, 'I supplicate by the power of the dust of your feet which cover my head, the slave of the sovereign has loaded the ship.'

"*King*. With what?

"*Page*. My august lord! I receive your orders; I have loaded three hundred piculs of cardamums.

"*King*. No more?

"*Page*. My august lord! I receive your orders.

"*King*. What besides?

"*Page*. August lord! the hair of your head has also shipped thirty thousand piculs of pepper.

"*King*. Any sapan-wood?

"*Page*. My august lord! there is sapan-wood.

"*King*. When is she to sail?

"*Page*. My august lord! I receive your orders; she will be ready on the 13th day of the moon.

"*King*. Regulate and inspect properly.

"*Page*. My august lord! I receive your orders."

Another example will explain the mode of intercourse between the priests and the laity:

"There was a bonze in office who was laying down the floor of his house. Two planks were wanting. He was embarrassed, and said, 'Where can we find two planks?' Then one of the attendants said, 'I have seen plenty of planks; I receive your orders.' 'Where, sir, did you see them?' *Servant*.—'I receive your orders; it was in the house of the mandarin *Si*. I receive your orders; if you ask them as alms I think he will present them; I receive your orders.' Then the bonze went to the house of *Si*, who, observing him, said, 'Master benefactor, I invite you; I receive your orders.' And the bonze sat down. And the mandarin said, 'The master benefactor is come, what does he want?' 'Persevere in my benediction, great mandarin! my person comes to ask two planks as alms.' 'Master benefactor! why do you ask two planks?' 'Persevere in my benediction; my person will have them conveyed to finish the floor of my chamber.' 'But, master benefactor! are two planks enough?' 'Persevere in my benediction; a portion of the floor is made.' 'Master benefactor! and you have made a portion of the floor? I, a hair, thought you had not yet begun it.' 'Rest in my benediction; I have made a part.' Then the mandarin called, '*Ma!* go and choose good planks and present them to the benefactor.' And the bonze blessed the mandarin, and went with the slave *Ma* to choose the planks in the store of the sawyers, and, having chosen them, he returned to his pagoda."—*Sir John Bowring*.

ENLIST the interest of stern morality and religious enthusiasm in the cause of liberty, as in the time of the old Puritans, and it will be irresistible.



## GREAT TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. ABEL STEVENS, LL. D.

(CONCLUDED.)

## METHODISM IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

**T**O the west of the Friendly or Tonga Islands lies the Fiji group, comprising one hundred and fifty islands, with a population variously estimated between two and three hundred thousand. War was the chief occupation of the people; cannibalism, infanticide, strangling of widows, and all the enormities of the worst heathenism, were their characteristic customs. The triumphs of the Gospel among the Tonga savages justified the hope of successful missions in these regions of death.

In the year 1835 William Cross and David Cargill arrived at Lakemba from the mission of Vavau. As they were landed on the beach they were confronted by a hundred tattooed natives armed with muskets, long sticks pointed with bayonets, and spears and clubs. The missionaries explained the object of their visit; word was sent to their chief, and they were received. They built a slight structure for their home, and began to preach. After some months they baptized several natives who had learned the primary truths of Christianity in the Friendly Islands. Others were rapidly converted from paganism, notwithstanding the opposition of the chief, and thus the Fijian mission was successfully established.

The missionaries procured reinforcements from the native assistants of the Friendly Islands, and in a few years their ministrations were extended to many of the islands. After ten years of faithful labors, amid abominations and atrocities which hardly admit of description, and with continual, though often obstructed progress, one of those extraordinary visitations of Divine influence which had occurred in the Friendly Islands, and which have at times distinguished the whole history of genuine Christianity, took place among these cannibals. It began in Viwa, and rapidly extended from island to island. "Business, sleep, and food," says one of the missionaries, "were almost entirely laid aside. Some of the cases were the most remarkable I have ever heard of; yet only such as one might expect the conversion of such dreadful murderers would be. If such men manifested nothing more than ordinary feelings when they repent, one would suspect they were not fully convinced of sin. The results of this work of grace have been most happy." "The people, old and young, chiefs and common people, were broken-hearted before the Lord," writes Watsford, another missionary; "they

evinced indescribable agony and bitterness of spirit. They felt themselves great sinners, and their repentance was deep and genuine. The joy of those who were pardoned was as great as their distress had been. At some of our meetings the feeling was overpowering, the people fell before the Lord, and were unable to stand because of the glory." Perhaps the most remarkable instance of the power of the Gospel which this revival presented, was the conversion of a chief, whose name was Varin. He had long been noted as the human butcher of Seru. He was a man of terrible character. But by the faithful warnings and instruction of the missionaries his guilty conscience was aroused; and now, like another Paul, he is preaching the faith he once labored to destroy.

The queen of Viwa was converted. "Her heart," writes Hunt, "seemed literally broken," and with tears she turned to him for light and hope amid a sublime baptismal ceremony by which a number of natives were received into the Church. "As soon," he continues, "as the baptism was concluded, as many as could chanted the *Te Deum*. It was very affecting to see upward of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were, a few years ago, some of the worst cannibals in the group, and even in the world, chanting, 'We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord;' while their voices were almost drowned by the sobs of broken-hearted penitents. I weep while I think of it. What a gracious God is our God! and blessed be his glorious name forever!"

At a later period Thakombau, highest chief or king of the Fijians, renounced paganism at Bau, the capital island. "What a foundation," wrote Calvert, a missionary, "of great and everlasting good to Fiji! Fiji's brightest, best day, and never to be forgotten." The king and his queen were both baptized, and he addressed the people who had assembled to witness the occasion. "It must have cost him," writes Waterhouse, another missionary, "many a struggle to stand up before his court, his ambassadors, and the flower of his people, to confess his former sins. And what a congregation he had! Husbands whose wives he had dishonored, widows whose husbands he had slain, women whose brothers had been strangled and eaten by his orders, and children the descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers! A thousand hearts heaved with astonishment and fear as Thakombau gave utterance to the following sentiments: 'I have been a bad man. I disturbed the country. God has singularly preserved my life. I desire to acknowledge him as the only and true God.' He

was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence."\*

The enormities here alluded to were familiar facts to the missionaries, and are too well authenticated to the world to allow of a doubt. Young, the official visitor, says that on inquiring into the Fijian propensity to cannibalism, he heard from missionaries and others some most horrifying statements. They said that the evil was daily practiced in some parts of the country; that a victim was sometimes put into the oven alive, at other times mutilated, and made not only to witness the cooking of his own flesh, but also to feed upon it; that men sometimes killed and ate their own wives; and that on one recent occasion at Tokai, on the island of Ovalau, four miles from the mission-house, a man killed his wife, cut up the body, filled two baskets with the parts; and as his helpless child, that stood by witnessing the horrid operation, began to cry, he tried to soothe it by offering it a portion of the mother's flesh. A person from Manilla named Wani, went in his vessel to Gnaw. He bought a cask of oil and was returning, when he was caught in a squall. Some report that his boat capsized; others, that it was sunk by the natives. Wani managed to swim ashore; he was then stripped, bound, and baked alive. When cooked, his face was painted, his clothes put on, and after being paraded a short time, he was stripped and devoured. Binner, a missionary, knew both these men well. Joel Bulu, who has extensive knowledge of the Fijians, informed the visitor that he knew a man who told his wife to gather some sticks; he then directed her to heat the oven. That being done,

she inquired where the food was that he intended to have cooked. "You are the food!" he replied. He then "clubbed" her, and placed her in the oven. This wretched man afterward became a Christian. Seru cruelly mutilated a man, roasted several pieces of his flesh on the coals, and ate them in the victim's presence; and the late King of Rewa cut off the arm of one of his servants, and compelled her to eat a part of it! Young adds: "I could state worse, very much worse things than these, that have occurred in this land of darkness and blood; but I dare not write them, they are too horrible to be told."\*

The visitor to whom these facts were related went to Bau, the capital, before the conversion of the king, and describes it as "doubtless the deepest hell on earth." "Here I was shown," he says, "six ovens in which eighteen human beings had recently been cooked, in order to provide a feast for some distinguished stranger, and the remains of that horrid repast were still to be seen. I next went to one of the temples, at the door of which was a large stone, against which the heads of the victims had been dashed previous to their being presented in the temple, and that stone still bore the marks of blood. I saw—but I pause. There are scenes of wickedness in that country that can not be told. There are forms of cannibalism and developments of depravity that can never be made known. No traveler, whatever may be his character, could have the hardihood to put on record what he witnessed in that region of the shadow of death." "But," remarks the same authority, "we have three thousand of the people in Church fellowship, four thousand in the schools, and six thousand regular attendants on the ministry. We have fifty native teachers, who are valiant for the truth, and who in different parts of the land are making known the power of Christ's salvation." Since his visit the Gospel has advanced triumphantly, casting down, as we have seen, the temples of the very capital, and gathering kings and subjects within the Church.

In the Friendly and Fiji Islands there are now more than two hundred and thirty preaching-places, more than one hundred and fifty of which are chapels; there are nearly one hundred paid

\* I find in the London Athenæum—November 24, 1860—a letter dated Rewa, Fiji, August 6, 1860, apparently from a traveler who has no connection with the missions, but who witnesses to the permanent results of the king's conversion. The letter says: "Bau was opposed to the missionaries, and the ovens in which the dead bodies of human victims were baked were scarcely ever cold. A great change, however, has taken place. The king and all his court have embraced Christianity; the heathen temples are in ruins; the sacred groves in the neighborhood cut down; and in the great square, where formerly the cannibal feasts took place, a large church has been erected. It was not without emotion that I landed on this blood-stained soil, where, probably, greater iniquities were perpetrated than ever disgraced any other spot on earth. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and, instead of the wild noise that greeted former visitors, one heard nearly from every house family prayers. To bring about such a change has, indeed, required no slight efforts, and many valuable lives had to be sacrificed; for, although no missionary has ever met with a violent death, yet the list of those who have died in the midst of their labors is proportionally very great."

\* Walter Lawry gives similar, and, if possible, still worse examples in his *Missions to the Tonga and the Fiji Islands*, pp. 88 and 128. See also *Fiji and the Fijians*, by Thomas Williams and James Calvert—New York, 1859—a book of extraordinary interest; one of the most important yet produced by the Wesleyan missionaries; it has commanded the general attention of the literary world by both its ethnological value and its surprising accounts of the conflict between Christianity and cannibal paganism in the Southern Ocean.

laborers, twenty-three of whom are missionaries; eleven hundred day school teachers, about three hundred day schools, and twelve thousand day scholars; five hundred and forty local preachers, and more than fifteen thousand communicants. The entire Bible has been translated into the languages of both groups.

Such are but the outlines of the victories of Christianity, by the agency of Methodism, in the islands of Oceanica; the details would make perhaps the most thrilling record of modern Christian history, but they would fill volumes. Many of even the names of the evangelists, native and foreign, remain unmentioned in our narrative—names which will hereafter probably be as sacred in this southern world as are those of the canonized saints and Christian founders of ancient and medieval Europe. Their devoted wives have scarcely been alluded to, women who have been hardly less useful than their husbands by teaching the natives the household arts of Christian civilization, and who have willingly spent their lives amid these savage abominations, their homes being sometimes in the vicinity of the yet heated ovens of cannibalism, their eyes daily witnessing scenes the reading of which makes the strongest nerves of civilized men to shiver; they have had to part with their children at an early age for education in England away from these indescribable enormities; they have died blessing God for their terrible but useful lot, resigning themselves to sleep, till the morning of the resurrection, in graves among the reminiscences of these commingled heathen horrors and Christian triumphs. No other "heroines of Methodism" are equal in number or in character to those recorded on the roll of its foreign missions.

Methodism in the South Seas, as already stated, has been organized into an independent body. The Australasian Wesleyan Conference, including more than one hundred and fifty preachers, is now financially nearly self-sustaining. Its nearly forty thousand communicants contribute about \$50,000 annually for missions alone. It comprises three divisions: the first includes Australia proper and Van Dieman's Land, the districts of which are adapted to the colonial divisions of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, and Tasmania. These are considered the home field of the Conference. Its second branch comprehends New Zealand, and is divided into the two districts of Auckland and Wellington. Its third division is entirely missionary, comprising the Friendly and Fiji Islands, and reported at the latest date no less than fifteen thousand communicants, besides many thousands who are reclaimed from paganism, but are not yet admitted to the communion of the Church.

In the Fiji Islands alone at least sixty thousand have abandoned their idolatry.

The missionary triumphs of Methodism, of which we have given but a single example, constitute its greatest historical facts; what other portion of its history compares with that which we have here rapidly sketched? Wesleyan Methodism has to-day an aggregate of at least five hundred and nine missionary circuits, one thousand, seven hundred and thirty salaried missionary laborers, seven hundred and sixty-three of whom are regular preachers, one hundred and forty-seven thousand, eight hundred and fifty-six missionary communicants, nearly four thousand chapels and other preaching-places, one hundred and twenty-two thousand children under instruction, and eight printing establishments.\* In less than sixty years—since 1803—the Wesleyan Church has given nineteen million dollars for foreign evangelization.

Meantime the other Methodist branches have shared in this spirit of foreign propagandism, so legitimate to the great movement. The English Calvinistic Methodists chiefly originated and still continue in, the London Missionary Society, one of the most important institutions of the kind now in the Protestant world, embodying a large proportion of the Dissenters of the United Kingdom. In continental Europe, Africa, Asia, and Australia, the representatives of the two societies have met on fields of common spiritual warfare and victory, and with a common spirit of charity and coöperation. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists were long included in the London Missionary Society, but have now a society of their own, with missions to their ancient kindred, the Bretons of France, to the Jews, and to the Kassias of Bengal. The Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, confined in its missionary labors, for many years, to the aboriginals, the slaves, and the foreigners of its vast domestic field, has now missions in China, India, Africa, Bulgaria, Germany, Scandinavia, South America, and the Sandwich Islands. Its foreign missionaries are one hundred. Including those to foreign settlers in the United States, they amount to four hundred and nineteen. Its communicants in foreign lands and among foreign settlers at home, are more than twenty-six thousand. Nearly three hundred of the missionaries preach in the German language, and about twenty-one thousand of the communicants are Germans. The Methodist Episcopal Church South has missions in China, among the foreign settlers in the

\* Including France, Oceanica, and the British North American Province, all of which are now independent but affiliated organizations.

United States, among the American Indians, and the Southern slaves. About three hundred and sixty of its preachers are enrolled as missionaries.\* American, like British Methodism, has become thoroughly imbued with the apostolic idea of foreign and universal evangelization. With both bodies it is no longer an incidental or secondary attribute, but inwrought into their organic ecclesiastical systems.

Such has been the missionary development of the Methodist movement, it has deepened and widened till it has become the great characteristic of modern Methodism, raising it from a revival of vital Protestantism, chiefly among the Anglo-Saxon race, to a world-wide system of evangelization, which has reacted on all the great interests of its Anglo-Saxon field, has energized and ennobled most of its other characteristics, and would seem to pledge to it a universal and perpetual sway in the earth. Taken in connection with the London and Church Missionary Societies, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Tract Society, to all of which Methodism gave the originating impulse, and the Sunday school institution, which it was the first to adopt as an agency of the Church, it is not too much to say that it has been transforming the character of English Protestantism and the moral prospects of the world.

Its missionary development has preserved its primitive energy. According to the usual history of religious bodies, if not indeed by a law of the human mind, its early heroic character would have passed away by its domestic success and the cessation of the novelty and trials of its early circumstances; but by throwing itself out upon all the world, and especially upon the worst citadels of paganism, it has perpetuated its original militant spirit, and opened for itself a heroic career, which need end only with the universal triumph of Christianity. Wesleyan Methodism alone was considered, at the death of its founder, a marvelous fact in British history, but to-day the Wesleyan missions alone comprise more than twice the number of the regular preachers enrolled in the Wesleyan Minutes in the year of Wesley's death, and nearly twice as many communicants as the Minutes then represented. The number of itinerant Wesleyan missionaries—not including assistant missionaries—is nearly equal to half the present Wesleyan ministry in England, Scotland, and Ireland.†

\* Tefft's *Methodism Successful*, etc., p. 52. New York, 1860. The minor Methodist bodies have about four hundred missionaries. *Ib.*, p. 53.

† Including not the domestic, but the foreign missionaries of the British Conference proper, and the affiliated

### ANTOINETTE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

In a nook far up yon mountain,  
'Mong the rude crags set,  
Stands a cottage by a fountain—  
Home of Antoinette.

Very lovely is the maiden;  
Sparkling eyes of jet,  
Cheeks and lips with roses laden,  
Blooming Antoinette.

Raven tresses soft and shining  
Are her coronet,  
Curl and ringlet intertwining,  
Lovely Antoinette.

Fearful are those heights aerial,  
Dizzy steeps, and yet  
O'er them, like a nymph ethereal,  
Roameth Antoinette.

Spreads afar the distant ocean,  
God its bounds has set;  
All its purple waves in motion  
Watcheth Antoinette.

High the ocean eagle soareth  
With the salt wave wet,  
And the lofty cliff exploreth  
Home of Antoinette.

On the beauties of the valley,  
Dwellings thickly set,  
Gardens grouped symmetrically,  
Gazeth Antoinette.

To the rough and craggy mountain  
Turns she with regret?  
To the cot beside the fountain,  
Home of Antoinette?

No! the winds all wildly swelling  
In their fury met,  
Often sweep around that dwelling,  
Home of Antoinette,

And but one lone wilding blossom  
With the night dews wet,  
Hangs above the fountain's bosom,  
Blooms for Antoinette.

Yet with love that never changes,  
That can ne'er forget,  
Clings she to those mountain ranges,  
Home of Antoinette.

French and Australian Conferences, together with the missionaries—proper—of the British North American Conferences. The statement in the text does not take in the "probationers" nor the "supernumeraries" of either the domestic or the missionary work. Compare the table on page 123 of the Wesleyan Minutes for 1860. On the civilizing influence of these missions see "Christianity the Means of Civilization: Shown in the Evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons, on Aborigines," etc., by Beecham, the Wesleyan Missionary Secretary; Coates, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society; and Ellis, Secretary of the London Missionary Society. London, 1837.



## FROM CALCUTTA TO BENARES.

BY MRS. G. S. HAUSER.

OUR last purchase had been made in Calcutta; every thing was in readiness, and as we entered the garie on the fourth of April our order to the coachman was "jaldi, jaldi"—quick, quick—and away we went on a full gallop, the garie shaking and rattling in a most alarming manner.

After two or three mishaps we reached the river, where, by the differences in our time-pieces, we found that we were too slow, or the ferry-boat too fast, as it had just passed over, carrying two of our company of six.

We were immediately surrounded by a troop of nearly naked boatmen, each begging for the privilege of taking us to the opposite shore; but our friend who acted as guide, without heeding them, selected the boat which could be most easily pushed off, and by making many promises of bucksheesh and frequent repetitions of "jaldi," we reached the opposite shore in time to secure seats in the cars, when, as the natives say, "the devil in the locomotive screamed," and we were soon flying past broad fields and tall groves of rich tropical trees. But for the palms, at first glance one might almost fancy that they were riding over a western prairie. A delightful feeling of security crept over us, as we saw for the first time since our long sea voyage, such wide-extended fields, and felt that if any accident should occur we should not be drowned.

At five, P. M., we reached Ranelgunji, where we found garies waiting, which soon brought us before the only hotel in the place. It did not appear to contain more than three rooms, two small sleeping apartments and a huge dining-room. We almost began to doubt whether the latter was for any use except as standing room for a large table; but after a long time we saw that food was slowly finding its way there. At last, dinner was announced, and with American haste we seated ourselves, but obtained our dinner with Indian slowness exaggerated and multiplied by a red-bearded, red-headed, red-faced, red-tempered, hateful-eyed officer, who frightened the servants out of their remaining senses, and kept them all waiting on him till his ill-mannered lordship was quite pleased.

Missionaries are of course patient, but it was by often saying to ourselves, "let patience have her perfect work," breaking over rules, and pursuing the more American style of helping each other and ourselves, and that with a lack of plates and spoons, that we were able to satisfy the demands of hunger and keep our tempers.

At eight o'clock, amid deep darkness and driz-

zling rain, we lay down in our garies, shouted "jaldi" to the drivers and closed our eyes to sleep, when the horses gave a jump and galloped off. Our garie had two stationary seats—the front one extended out under the driver's seat—also an extra one to place between the two, so that a bed could be made about six feet long and three wide.

As we looked out next morning we saw hills nearly all around us. The air was cool and bracing, and though our sleep had been much broken by the changing of horses, which took place every four miles, we felt more refreshed on rising than we did in the morning in Calcutta.

About nine o'clock we stopped at Fitkooree bungalow for breakfast. The bungalow, which was nearly the same as all other dawk bungalows, consisted of two dining, two dressing, and two bath rooms. Verandas extended across two sides of the house. For furniture there were generally two tables, a small supply of dishes, three or four single beds, a half a dozen chairs, a wash-stand made of three sticks, a brass wash-basin, jars for water, two punkas, and on the floor cotton carpets. Two servants, a cook, and sweeper were paid by government. All others, such as coolies, water carriers, and punka pullers, must be hired by the traveler.

The bungalows are kept by government, and all the profits go into the treasury. We relished finely our breakfast of chickens, potatoes, and "rice and curry." Though this was the bill of fare at nearly every place for breakfast, dinner or tea, we seldom felt like grumbling because we had not a greater variety; for when we sat down we were too hungry, and when we arose well satisfied.

At two o'clock we again entered our garies and rode fourteen miles to Topechaunce, where we stopped an hour for tea. Our road during the day had wound among hills whose steep, rocky sides, almost entirely destitute of vegetation, rose abruptly from the fertile plain. The Hindoos have a strange legend concerning the formation of these hills. They say that Hanooman, the head of the monkey tribe, employed all the monkeys to bring rocks from the Himalayas to build "Adam's bridge" between Ceylon and the main land, for the use of Ram when he desired to enter the island to destroy the monster Rawan. A sufficient quantity of rocks having been brought, Hanooman sent messengers to tell those who were still coming that no more were needed. They hearing the message, immediately dropped their loads, and thus were formed the hills and mountains in Southern India. We noticed but one hill where persons seemed to live. So steep and rugged are the sides that an ascent appeared almost an impossibility. There were no trees nor

grass adorning them with beauty; only a little dried brush clinging to the bare black rocks.

We saw no longer the palm and cactus of Madras and Calcutta, but the more hardy trees; some with bare branches, and others clothed nearly to the ground with rich green leaves, and some bearing beautiful flowers.

As I stood at the door of the bungalow, just as twilight was deepening into darkness, the scene was at once wild and picturesque. On three sides rose the Parisnath hills, whose black uninviting sides hastened the darkness. Close by, a company of wild-looking men were preparing their supper; while their train of camels, horses, and bullocks were resting near at hand. In the other door of the bungalow stood a sickly-appearing officer examining his pistols in preparation for his lonely night's journey. Visions of Thugs and cave prisons disturbed my sleep that night.

Soon we left the bungalow; and as we rode along we saw the watch-fires of the villages lighting up the valleys, or stretching long threads of light along the plains like the fires of the western prairies. The villages in Bengal are simply two long rows of mud-houses with thatched roofs, on each side of a road. The houses seldom extend back from the road more than one or two rooms. In the road at night bullock and camel trains rest, and before the door of nearly every house a fire is kept burning till morning.

The people, for greater protection, except at government stations, are never seen living alone like the farmers in civilized lands, but always in villages of from one to five hundred inhabitants. From these they go to cultivate the fields. These villages occur every two or three miles. Generally they appear to be kept clear of rubbish and very neat.

The next morning we hailed with joy the sight of the Burkee bungalow, fifty-three miles from our last stopping-place. The hot, dry wind seemed to be baking, shriveling us up; our skin was parched and chapped. When inclined to laugh we would hasten to look sober, lest our face should crack. In vain we used water to relieve; for the moment it seemed to ease the wretched feeling, but only left the skin more tender and less soft. After leaving Burkee we were startled by the intelligence, as we passed through one of the villages about dusk, that during the night we were to cross four rivers, and that we should go through the Dumwa pass where the road was in places so steep that it would be necessary for coolies to go with us, as the horses would not be able to draw the carriages; also at the fears expressed by the coolies, lest we should be eaten by tigers and wolves, as only a few nights before a garie had been attacked by them. Their fears were quieted

in some degree by the manner in which one of our company showed how he would use a hatchet which he had in his garie; and our fears by the horrid yells which the coolies continually kept up. He would be a most daring beast, indeed, who ventured to approach such sounds as escaped their throats. After having gone eight miles with us, much to the surprise of most of our company, the coolies left. We had not been conscious of ascending any very steep hills. With American horses and carriages they would hardly think of speaking of hills; but that India, and every thing in India, is very different from America, is a fact of which we every day become more thoroughly convinced. The rivers were all dry, but through the deep sand of the beds the horses were not always able to draw us. Bullocks or coolies were required.

As we looked out of our garies next morning we found that we were over three hundred miles from Calcutta. Along the road over which we had passed there was scarce a tree to shelter it from the burning sun, but now on either side stood long rows of trees whose branches met above, forming a most beautiful arch. The birds seemed to be holding a morning concert in the rich drooping foliage. In the afternoon, as we rested in Muddenpore bungalow, we heard the low sound of voices on the veranda, as of persons reading and commenting on what they read. On going out we saw our drivers, runners, and a few persons belonging to the place, listening to one as he read one of the Gospels; who, though he did not profess to believe the book, was explaining it and answering the questions of the others to the best of his ability. Some were laughing and indifferent, while others were paying the strictest attention. Thus it is that the Word given to one reaches many. O, how we longed to explain more fully what they read, to open to their understanding more perfectly the Way of Life! But they know not our language, and we but little of theirs. We could only encourage them by our smiles. The next morning we saw but few hills; and again appeared in abundance palms and the more tender plants. We began to see more temples than before, and noticed that the villages were seemingly built by a more warlike people than those nearer Calcutta. They are generally square, often having high mud walls around them, and never having more than one entrance, the houses being built without any passage between them, and without doors or windows on the back side. As we passed beside Sassersam—a city about four hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta—we saw two or three large Mohammedan temples, and some fine European houses, and also some smaller Hindoo temples. The architecture of the temples

was splendid, and when new they must have been very beautiful, but now they looked black and old. With a little repair they could be made as handsome as when new; but one might almost be led to think from what is seen while riding through the country that these people have no word signifying *repair* in their language. At Jahanabad bungalow we stopped during the day. Near at hand a company of European soldiers were also stopping, who were on their way home. One—a sergeant who had formerly resided in Lucknow—called to see us. He was going to Australia, more as a missionary than a soldier. We were well pleased with him. At four o'clock we left the bungalow, though it was still very hot, as we were desirous to reach Benares early the next morning. We promised our drivers bucksheesh on the condition that they would take us into the city by six the next morning. Late in the evening we crossed a beautiful suspension bridge, erected over a deep gorge. At three, A. M., we crossed the river Ganges on a bridge of boats, one or two miles from Benares. What thoughts and feelings filled our hearts as we looked for the first time on its waters! In the darkness we half fancied that the overhanging trees were the dark mothers casting their children to the waters below; but more than a hundred years have passed away since that has been known to be done, having been prevented by the British Government. Beneath us rolled the waters held sacred by millions, in which the proud, rich Brahmins and cringing beggars seek to wash away sin; the burial-place of devout Hindoos, waters which knew well the peaks and valleys of the unexplored grandeur of the Himalayas, and roll through India's vast plain to the Indian Sea.

#### THE UNIVERSALIST ANSWERED.

A UNIVERSALIST asked Rev. Mr. W., "If God was willing all men should be saved?" Mr. W. replied, "Do you believe God is willing all men should live moral and virtuous lives in this world?" The man answered, "Yes." Then said Mr. W., "Do all men live thus?" After a little hesitancy he answered, "No." Mr. W. then proceeded: "According to your own reasoning, the will of God is not accomplished. But to answer your question more fully—God is as willing all men should be saved, as that all men should live virtuously; but if you mean by *will*, a design, or determination, then I would say God has not determined that all men should maintain good moral lives, for if he had, they would; nor has he determined to save all—if he had, all would be saved."

#### SO SOON!

BY MAGGIE H. STEWART.

So soon! so soon! ere yet Life's morning  
Hath lost its bloom;  
Mid all the freshness, song, and sunshine:  
Ere golden noon;  
Must I lie down, while I long to mingle  
With busy life;  
To vie with throngs of earnest workers  
In noble strife!  
Thro' Earth's fair fields I've wandered idly;  
Garnered no sheaves;  
I've naught to bring to the Master's harvest  
But faded leaves.  
My life has held but the common measure  
Of shade and shine;  
Yet some have had dark cloud and tempest—  
Shall I repine?  
I'm tired of dust, and toil, and struggle,  
Life just begun.  
So soon! 'T is long since the dawn of morning!  
God's will be done!  
I've dreamed of lands of song and story,  
Ah, vainest dream!  
Of fairer fields of heavenly glory  
I catch a gleam.  
If Earth is bright, Heaven's splendor shineth  
Divinely fair;  
And shall I dread the bless'd message  
That calls me there?  
Then let me work while life remaineth  
A precious boon,  
Waiting, obey the Reaper's summons,  
Come late or soon.  
A calm, sweet peace falls o'er my spirit  
With healing balm;  
Christ, my Lord, help me in singing  
A grateful psalm.

#### MONEY.

MONEY goes.  
No one knows;  
Where it goeth,  
No one showeth.  
Here and there,  
Every-where,  
In and out,  
Round, about,  
Run, run,  
Dun, dun,  
Spend, spend  
Lend, lend,  
Send, send,  
Flush to-day,  
Short to-morrow.  
Notes to pay,  
Borrow, borrow.  
So it goes,  
No one knows;  
Where it goeth,  
No one showeth.

## FEMALE POETS OF SOUTH-EASTERN INDIANA.

BY REV. F. C. HOLLIDAY, D. D.

THE Repository has done much to encourage and develop home talent, and especially female talent. Its pages have furnished a ready medium through which our young and promising writers could obtain an introduction to the literary public. The lady contributors to the Repository present quite an array both of talent and learning, and a number of them rank among the best writers in the land. Among the female poets whose contributions have from time to time enriched the pages of the Repository, a number of them have belonged to South-Eastern Indiana. The readers of the Repository will readily call to mind the names of Mrs. Julia A. Dumont, Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton, Mrs. A. L. Ruter Dufour, and Miss M. Louisa Chitwood; the first and last of whom have gone up to sing with the angels.

Mrs. Dumont was an excellent Christian lady, esteemed and beloved in all the walks of life, and a gifted writer both of poetry and prose; and after having exemplified the Christian graces in a life of active Christian usefulness, was gathered in the evening of life to her heavenly home. Her memory is cherished, not only by those who knew her, but by many who have been entertained and profited by the productions of her pen, and I am pleased to know that the literary society in the Female Department of Brookville College bears her name.

Miss Chitwood has left us an entertaining volume of poems of some 280 pages; and although Miss Chitwood died young, she so lived as to die lamented. Her personal qualities, which were such as to attach to her the hearts of the intelligent and good, will be long cherished by those who knew her, and her poetry will be read and admired by hundreds who never had the pleasure of her personal acquaintance.

While there is an under-tone of sadness in many of her verses, there is at the same time a heart-wholeness, a buoyancy, and an earnest sympathy with the living facts of the present, which show that life's stern discipline had not crushed, but merely chastened her gentle spirit. Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Dufour are yet in active life, and are occasional contributors to our current literature.

But my object in alluding to the female poets of South-Eastern Indiana, is not so much to pay a tribute to their worth or to point out their peculiar excellences, as to introduce to the readers of the Repository a new name from the same portion of our State. And although it may sound less familiar to many of their ears than the names mentioned above, it is nevertheless associated

with some of the purest thoughts and sweetest numbers any where to be found in modern poetry. The poetess alluded to is Miss Elizabeth Conwell Smith, of Laurel, Indiana. She is a granddaughter of Rev. James Conwell, for many years a prominent and highly-useful local preacher in that part of the State. He was a man of large fortune and great energy, and made a very permanent impression upon the community among whom he lived.

Although Miss Smith is yet in her girlhood, she has encountered thorns as well as roses in the pathway of life. Her experience has been bitter for one so young. Her father died while she was yet a child, and before her education was completed her mother was also called to the spirit-land. And although left an orphan young in years and mainly dependent upon her own exertions for her position and success in life, yet with a brave heart and an elevated aim, and the covenant mercies of the orphan's God, she bids fair to win her way to eminence as a writer and as a useful Christian lady.

The following beautiful verses give proof of more than ordinary powers. There are visions of rare beauty in the Temple of Dreams, and music of heavenly sweetness falls upon the ears of the worshiper; and there are greetings that are dear to the heart and refreshing as nectar, but such visions have rarely been brought from that shadowy land into the sunlight of the outer world, without losing much of their beauty. But the poem shall speak for itself:

## THE TEMPLE OF DREAMS.

I see afar Night's fair estate—  
Night's palace built on starry lands,  
But nearer by, with open gate,  
The Temple of the Twilight stands;  
And by the dusky way I wait,  
And press my heart with folded hands.

I wait beside the sacred door,  
Afraid to enter in alone,  
For in this Temple evermore  
The griefs my orphan years have known  
Lie like pale ghosts upon the floor,  
And dreaming in their sleep, they moan.

I wait—from out the purple West,  
Through paths my vail'd eyes can not see,  
A soul friend comes, love-crown'd, love-blest,  
To walk these haunted aisles with me—  
To clasp my hands from off my breast,  
And keep me gentle company.

And side by side, with reverent steps,  
We tread these sacred rooms apart,  
And steal by Sorrow, as she sleeps  
Where moaning Marah-fountains start,  
With echo whispers on our lips,  
From vesper dreams within each heart.



The griefs that slumber at my feet  
Are griefs no more; they waking, rise  
On fairy wings; with kisses sweet  
They charm the tear-mists from my eyes;  
I whisper, and *dream*-pulses beat  
Within their bosoms sweet replies.

The years that bring no myrtle sprays,  
No heliotropes to bloom for me,  
May come and go; their sweetest praise  
Is that they leave me gladly free  
To tread this Temple's dreary ways,  
Clasped hands, my spirit-mate, with thee.  
For us the twilight's cloister gloom  
By Fancy's fairy stars and beams  
Is lit. Thought's magic roses bloom  
In spirit bowers. Each zephyr seems  
A spirit faint with love's perfume—  
A poet, lost in fairy dreams.

And must thou go? Ah, me! two bands  
Of royal angels in the West  
Have flown beyond night's silver lands;  
My sorrow waketh from her rest!  
Fond friend, dear friend, unclasp my hands  
From thine, and fold them on my breast.  
My eyes, veiled by the wings of Fate,  
Meet thine no more, but I can see  
Through these dark plumes the Temple gate.  
The dreams that float away from me  
Will whisper at what time I wait  
Thereby, *friend of my heart*, for thee.

The following lines reveal, tenderly and truthfully, the communings of an orphan heart with the angel presence of a sainted mother, whose counsels and companionship were highly prized, and whose unseen presence is yet a source of comfort and strength:

## MOTHER.

Speak tenderly to me, sweet mother-saint,  
Let thy dear whispers voice the silent airs,  
O! press me to thy heart, for mine is faint  
With the long loss of mother-love and prayers.

How sweet, dear mother, thus to sit by thee,  
And smooth the dark wave tresses from thy brow  
With my young hands; how as it used to be  
When my heart dreamed the hopes that grieve it now!

Bend o'er me, mother, for my homeless heart  
Would know the great love of thy angel eyes,  
Kiss down my eyelids ere the hot tears start,  
Kiss from my lips their quiver and their sighs.

What is it, mother, that so charms the air,  
That every soft breath passing o'er my face  
Bears from it some faint shadow-line of care,  
And leaves, instead, a large, dream-perfect peace?

Is it thy presence radiant with love,  
Charms the calm hour with its wondrous beams—  
The flowers with Amaranth dew brought from above  
On thy white wings—or the myth light of dreams?

I *must* be dreaming, mother, for I know  
Immortals are e'er veiled from mortal eyes;  
*Mine* may not see the aureole round thy brow,  
*My* lips may not meet *thine* with orphan sighs.

Yes, I was dreaming when I thought to rest  
My head—uncrowned of all grief-thorns and *caves*—  
On thy dear bosom. Ah! my life is blest  
But by the *memory* of thy long-lost prayers.

O! let me dream again, sweet mother-heart,  
I would forget the sadness of my lot:  
In dreams the heart-strings grief hath torn apart,  
Yield melody, and sorrow is forgot.

In listening to thy voice so tender, sweet—  
The minor prelude to all Eden-strains—  
All trembling echoes that my heart would beat  
Are charmed to silence; or, like dewy rains,  
Fall noiselessly upon the twilight flower—  
Ah, they are *withered* flowers within *my* heart!—  
Sweet mother, come once more and bless the hours  
In thy dream presence sorrow must depart.

We give one other little poem, entitled:

## IN PEACE.

No human breath, save mine, is in this air,  
No human voice wakes the deep hush abroad,  
I hear a whispering *soul* of voice in prayer;  
I feel the lone night praying unto God.  
The sky is hushed devotion, and no star  
Burns from it into Night's religious heart  
With mockery of light; and dim and far  
The river-waves flow, murmuring apart.  
Flow, murmuring, evermore, their dirgeful prayers  
Into the pathos of this silence blown  
Are vague solemnities. The bushing airs,  
A-mist with tears, have breathed my eyelids down.

In mute devotion, while my idle hands  
With sacred impulse cross upon my breast,  
I bow my head amid Night's prayerful bands,  
And my awed soul is praying with the rest.

My soul, pray with the solemn airs abroad,  
Forgetting day's fierce strife of doubt and fear;  
It wanders into space and talks with God,  
Feeling the breath of his high presence near.

His presence solemn, sweet, a joy of years  
Wakes in this holy hour; His tender breath  
Blows from my weary eyes the wearying tears,  
And gives me rest—a rest as sweet as death.

No fair illusion of a dream may steal  
My thoughts to possibles of untried years  
As in less holy times; the life I feel  
Is conscious peace, worn out of prayers and tears.

I heard a sigh. The homeless Night will come  
And find *me homeless* in familiar lands,  
And fold me in its wings of funeral gloom,  
Shrouding my lonely steps with burial sands.

The orphanage of years long desolate,  
Sad as the eternal orphanage of Night,  
Lies a deep shadow o'er my star of fate,  
Hiding its early promise from my sight.

Ah, now I weep! such idle words were mine,  
But Night came softly with reproof of prayer  
To woo me to my Father; the divine  
Of His dear presence sanctifies the air.

His smile shines o'er dim sky and shadowed star;  
Through the lone years of orphanage I see  
The sacred glory of my home afar,  
The mother's dear eyes yearning over me.

I bow my head, I cross my feeble hands,  
My soul melts into calms of peaceful prayer;  
Beyond the boundary of earth's strange lands  
My homeward pathway blossoms, heavenly fair.

While there is an under-tone of sadness in much of Miss Smith's poetry—showing that her heart has felt keenly the great griefs which have come over it—yet there is no melancholy or bitterness in her composition. No deadly nightshade has sprung up among the buds and blossoms of her young heart. May her talents ever be consecrated to noble and useful ends, and may her future life be guided by that Providence which has watched over her youthful days!

#### THE MISER AND HIS MONEY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"DO N'T get excited, Fannie, do n't get excited."

"I can't help it, Parker. It's more than my heart can bear when I think of that old miser sitting alone in the midst of his hoarded wealth, with no human being to claim a dollar of it, and then remember my poor little Maggie and her mother."

"It is a shame, a burning shame," exclaimed Mr. Dutton; and his face flushed with anger, and he slapped his newspaper down on his knee.

"It seems when I get to thinking of it sometimes, that I shall fairly go crazy," resumed Mrs. Dutton; and in her heat, the foot of the young mother jogged the small cradle so vigorously that its diminutive occupant, enveloped in snowy laces and linen, moved restlessly, and the little folded hands fluttered apart.

Mrs. Dutton's watchful eyes caught the movement. In a moment the raised indignant voice softened into some sweet fragment of a lullaby, and the cradle swayed soothingly back and forth; and Parker Dutton sat still, with his eyes fastened meditatively on the carpet. It was a very pleasant room where the young parents sat together with neat and tasteful, but by no means luxurious appointments.

Maternity had not dimmed the peach bloom in the soft cheek of Mrs. Fannie Dutton, and as she sat by the cradle in her warm lined merino, and the bit of crimped ruffling about her neck, she did not look, in the dotting eyes of her husband, a day older than she did in the white foam of her bridal vail and orange blossoms.

Parker Dutton was a merchant, who had won a most enviable name for strict integrity in all his business relations.

He was very far from wealthy, but his energetic wife made the most of his income; and though their home was not large, it was a little paradise of comfort and grace.

"I was over to Mrs. Humphreys's this afternoon," resumed Mrs. Dutton, after she had assured herself that the baby had settled into a deep slumber, "and it made my heart ache, Parker, to see her. She is certainly failing every day, and the doctor says that nothing but a change of air and freedom from all anxiety will restore her.

"Then there was Maggie, with such a weary, patient look on her sweet face, that I could n't bear it. It's killing her, too, to have charge of that great district school, with between forty and fifty boys and girls; and her salary is all that lies betwixt them and starvation!"

"Too bad! too bad!" exclaimed Mr. Dutton, shaking his head. "What is the salary, Fannie?"

"Only three hundred a year. And out of that she has to support an invalid mother, to provide her medicines, and the few delicacies she requires, besides meeting all the household expenses."

"I can't see how in the world she does it, Fannie."

"Is n't it awful to think of? And then to see how brave and patient the mother and daughter are through it all!"

"But it's hard, Parker, to see my little Maggie, whose beauty of heart, and mind, and person, would adorn any society in the world—it's hard to see her wasting away her life in this fashion." And the azure eyes of Mrs. Dutton floated in tears.

"There are a great many things in life, my little wife, which it is very hard to see," and the husband leaned over and patted the tender-hearted, impulsive woman on her shoulder.

"I s'pose there are, Parker," with a half-perplexed, half-resigned expression of countenance; "but this is a peculiarly-aggravated case. There is that miserable old miser, Joseph Humphreys, without a relative in the world to share his wealth, excepting the wife of his dear brother and her fatherless child! I wonder how he can lay his head on its pillow at night, remembering how that helpless mother and daughter are wearing away their lives, while he has money enough and to spare!"

"O, Parker, that wealth of his must stand a witness against that man in a day which is coming!"

"Certainly it must. Fannie, day by day, hour by hour, the money which he hoards cries out against Joseph Humphreys to a God who is pitiful to the widow and the fatherless."

The solemn tones of her husband assuaged the tumult of generous indignation in the heart of Mrs. Dutton.

"If somebody would only see that old man and tell him the plain, straightforward truth," pursued the lady in a softer tone, "I think he must be stung into doing something for Margaret and her mother, unless his soul is smaller than a sixpence."

Her husband shook his head slowly.

"I have n't much hope, Fannie. The love of money has got possession of the man's soul, and become its ruling passion, and when this happens a man is lost to every tie and every appeal."

Mrs. Dutton did not answer; indeed, she did not hear the concluding remark of her husband, for a project had suddenly suggested itself to her mind, which, though it startled her, at once began to look right and feasible, the longer she reflected on it. She did not mention the matter to her husband, and as the clock hands had crept up to ten, he drew her toward him, and they kneeled down together and committed their lives into the Eternal Love, while the night hung over them its black banner brightened with stars; and the widow and the orphan were remembered that night in the prayer of Parker Dutton.

All day long the young mother pondered the matter which had presented itself to her mind the previous night—all day long, amid her household cares, or at her sewing, and even while she sang songs, and dropped swift kisses on the sweet face of her child—all day long, till it drew toward sunset, and then—

"I believe this is Mr. Joseph Humphreys," said a soft voice, and a delicate and graceful woman rose up as the old man entered his parlor.

He was a tall, dark, wiry sort of a man, with deep gray eyes, under iron-gray brows, which matched his iron-gray hair.

He had that cold, hard, repellent expression which a man absorbed in the lust of gold, and who has spent his whole life in amassing it, and made of it an idol which he worships, usually requires.

Joseph Humphreys was now in his sixty-seventh Autumn. For twenty-five years he had been a widower. He lived in a large, old-fashioned, gray stone house, while for a mile about it lay the broad lands of which he was sole proprietor.

He was a shrewd, grasping, indomitable old man, who had made his money by a long life of business tact and untiring energy; for he had commenced life with no fortune, and for years he had been a farmer, and at last entered into a variety of real estate speculations, which had laid the foundation for his present wealth.

There was a good deal of surprise and curiosity in the keen gray eyes which searched Mrs. Dutton's face.

"My housekeeper said you desired to see me, madam," said the old man, evidently half supposing the lady had mistaken him for some other person, whom she was in quest of.

"Yes, I desire to have a private interview with you, sir, and I am the wife of Mr. Parker Dutton, the merchant on Main-street, with whom, I believe, you are acquainted."

Mr. Humphreys bowed, and there was a puzzled expression on the cold, immobile features.

"I come here, sir," continued the lady, resuming her seat, "without the knowledge or advice of a single human being, and impelled simply by my own heart. I come because I know you are an old man, with a great deal of money, which, in a few years at the farthest, you must die and leave, and I come in behalf of the only relatives which you have on earth.

"Margaret Humphreys, your niece, has been for years my most intimate and dearest friend. Perhaps you do not know that her mother is slowly failing, with a cough, which the doctor says can only be removed by change of climate.

"Margaret is wearing out her life in teaching a district school, which will not half support herself and her invalid mother, while its duties are very arduous.

"I come to you, and pray you, for your dear brother's sake, to have pity upon his dying wife and his orphan child.

"O, sir, if you had seen them as I have seen them so often, shedding bitter tears for the husband and the father whom God had taken from them, and still striving to bear up bravely with the hard lot which has fallen to them, your heart *must* have melted for pity.

"There must have been a time when you and your brother dwelt together in sweet and happy childhood—one mother must have loved, and watched over you both—O, I beseech you, Mr. Humphreys, in that dead mother's name, and by old memories of hours when you played with Margaret Humphreys's father, I beseech you to help in this, their great need, your orphan niece and her widowed mother."

Many changes went over the old man's face before Mrs. Dutton concluded her appeal. Nobody had ever talked to him in such a plain, straightforward manner as this.

Nobody had ever brought him face to face with the facts—had ever pointed him to the grave, which lay, at the farthest, only a few years up the road of his future.

A man like Joseph Humphreys would, of course, be indignant and stung, before so unpalatable a

truth, and the old habit of years had not been conquered by the memory of his dear brother and his long-lost childhood, though his heart softened a moment with the thought. He cleared his throat twice before he spoke, and then it was in a hesitating voice, made up of many emotions.

"I knew that my brother had no business capacity, and that he must have left his family when he died, five years ago, without any provision; but I did not expect, on that account, to have them flung on my hands, because I happen to be better off than they. Still, as they are in the circumstances you describe, I am willing to render them a little assistance."

He drew out his pocket-book, fumbled for a while over its contents, and handed to Mrs. Dutton a ten dollar bill.

"Will you be good enough to give this to my niece or her mother?" said Mr. Humphreys.

Mrs. Dutton drew back, and a flash of burning indignation went over her fair face.

"No, Mr. Humphreys," she said, "poor as your niece and her mother are, I will not insult their self-respect by such a paltry gift as that, out of your abundance!"

"I did not come here to solicit your charity, but to point out to you a duty which I thought your heart, if it was not hard as a stone, must recognize, and you offer me ten dollars, when you would not have felt ten thousand."

"Remember that the gold you grasp so greedily will rise up to condemn you in a little while; remember that you are very close to that grave to which you can not take a dollar of your wealth; and perhaps you will live to see an hour when you would gladly give it all for the consciousness that you had helped the widow and the orphan in their need."

"Did you come here to insult me in my own house, madam?" asked the old miser, and his face was fiery with passion, for Mrs. Dutton's words had struck home.

"No, sir, only to tell you the solemn truth," answered the lady, and she turned and walked out of the room, and from under their shaggy brows the old man's gray eyes blazed angrily after her.

Dar reader, it is painful to dwell upon such men, but we should not be true to you or to ourselves if we did not sometimes place before you the dark aspects of human life and character.

We know that men like Joseph Humphreys *do* exist. We know what a fearful thing it is, when the love of possession, the greed of gold, takes hold on one; how insidiously it grows and cankers in the soul, eating out all noble impulses, all sweet and true affections, hardening the heart till it is like a stone, which no appeal can melt, no

sun nor dews can soften, and the man moves toward his grave, that most miserable and contemptible thing, a miser—his life a failure, and the gold for which he has sold his soul, a witness that shall rise up to condemn him in the day of God!

"A pretty piece of business, truly," muttered the old man that evening to himself, as he paced up and down the dreary parlor, and his dark face was darker with agitation and angry passion. "I wonder that woman had the assurance to face me and talk in the manner she did. It was only her sex which preserved her from being knocked down, but you can't use that kind of an argument with a woman, and so there's no limit to the length of their tongues. As if it was my duty to support my shiftless relatives! Tom had as fair a start as I, but he never was shrewd, and always loved study better than business, and his family must pay for his follies—not I."

"There's one thing—they'll be glad enough when I die; but they shan't have a dollar from me. I'll outwit them there, and leave my money to some charitable institution. People that have insulted me shan't reap the benefits of my long life of toil!" For his blind rage at Mrs. Dutton descended also upon the heads of his innocent relatives, who were utterly ignorant of that lady's visit to him.

"I'll make my will this very night," muttered Joseph Humphreys, and there was a look of fierce triumph in his hard face. And he took up a light and went out of the room, and just then the bells rang, which no mortal ears ever hear—but the angel in the belfry tolled the last hour of the life of Joseph Humphreys.

He went to his library, intent upon his object, and placed the light on the table; then he reached out his hand toward a pile of papers on one corner, when a spasm went over his face, and there was a strange pain at his heart many times of late, but never so acutely as now.

The old man's hand clutched at the table-cloth; his face was very white; there came another spasm, which set his features in fearful rigidity. He gasped for breath, and fell to the floor. The heart of Joseph Humphreys ceased beating!

She came to the door of the little white school-house, and stood there a moment tying on her straw bonnet trimmed with green, and looked off on the landscape. It was a still, gloomy, spiritless sort of day in October—one of those which draws us into sympathy with it and makes us feel that the year has done its work, and is looking off with mournful forebodings to what remains for her.



It is true she has many seasons of hope and revival—many bright smiles in her balmy days and Indian Summers; but they are brief, and through all there runs a new tremulousness and a prophetic sadness. It was a young, sweet face which looked off on the low, hovering clouds that underlined the sky, pale and delicate withal; and the azure in the eyes, although it was deep and bright, made you somehow feel that it was acquainted with tears.

"O, Fannie!" The young lady's face suddenly brightened as she saw the figure of Mrs. Dutton come rapidly around the corner of the lane, near which the school-house stood. "What has brought you up here?"

Mrs. Dutton's fair face was full of eagerness and agitation.

"The strangest thing, Maggie! I just heard it, and I hurried up here to find you, while Parker has gone to your mother. Come in here." And Mrs. Dutton drew her wondering friend into the school-room.

They sat down on one of the benches, and Mrs. Dutton glanced around on the stark array of white benches and desks, and then her eyes came back to her friend, and with tears shut themselves together.

"Margaret," she said, slipping her hand into her friend's, "can you bear it?"

"I think so, Fannie. Is it bad or good news?" And the face of Margaret Humphreys was full of eager anxiety.

"It is good for you, dear; and yet it seems hardly right to rejoice in it."

Margaret Humphreys laid her head on her friend's shoulder, for she was weary with the weary work of the day. "Tell me, Fannie."

"Your uncle, Joseph Humphreys, fell down dead, of heart disease, in his library, last night; and you, Margaret, will be the heiress of all his wealth, as it is known that he left no will."

Margaret's face was very white, as she lifted it.

"I must be dreaming," she said, drawing her hand across her eyes.

"O, no, dear, it's all true. Parker brought me the news, and now you are rid of this dreary old school-room forever. You will get the lost roses back in your cheeks, and your mother can go away and recover her health. It does my heart good to think of it!"

Margaret burst into tears. "My uncle was a hard, miserly man," she sobbed. "I never could make up my mind to ask him for a dollar, when we needed it so much; and now, Fannie, to think it is all ours, and he has gone in that dreadful way!"

And then Mrs. Dutton related to her astonished, agitated listener all the circumstances of

her interview, the night previous, with Joseph Humphreys. "And to think, Maggie, what I prophesied came to pass in less than three hours from that time!"

They went out of the school-room together, speaking no word, for their hearts were full of wonder and awe.

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them!

### OUR COUNTRY.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

A YEAR ago our country raised her head

Inviolat and free;

The ample drapery of her garments spread  
From shining sea to sea.

She laid her right hand on the busy North,  
Protecting, strong, and calm;  
Her left was stretched in benediction forth  
Above the Southern palm.

She sate in council-halls where States confer,  
With laurels in her hair;  
And haughty elder empires honored her,  
Their sister young and fair.

But now behold her! mute, in sad surprise,  
Wounded and pained for breath!  
And in the glance of her uplifted eyes  
A sorrow worse than death!

The civic garment from her head is rent,  
And dust is in her hair;  
What nation of the opposing continent  
Hath wrought this great despair?

O, shame! not all the foreign foes that breathe  
Could strike so sharp a blow!  
Her own unfilial sons the sword unsheath  
To lay her greatness low!

No wonder that the whole world stands aghast  
Staring from zone to zone;  
Never in all the history of the past  
Has such a thing been known!

And yet her garments were not wholly white—  
She was not void of blame;  
Long has there been an infamy—a blight  
Upon her youthful fame.

Within her gates a thing accursed she hath  
Which God doth most abhor;  
Therefore he kindleth, in awakened wrath,  
The blood-red fires of War.

Fearful, appalling is their lurid glow,  
And many a heart despairs;  
Yet shalt thou rise triumphant from thy woe,  
Land of our hopes and prayers!

Thy sins are manifold, yet God is just—  
He will not always chide,  
But raise thy beauteous garments from the dust,  
Redeemed and sanctified.

A shield, a fortress in the day of dread,  
The Lord thy Rock shall be;  
And the broad basis of thine empire spread  
From shining sea to sea.

PROVERBS, OR NEW IDEAS IN OLD WORDS.

BY PRESIDENT ALLYN.

[CONCLUDED.]

IT has often been remarked, and is commonly believed, that poetry is the oldest permanent form of literature. That poems, rude indeed, but still true poems, were composed, and remembered, and recited long before prose was written is undeniably true. It may be doubted, however, if the proverb is not a form of composition far older than even poetry. The proverb does sometimes take the form of rhyme, and not unfrequently does it add to its well-chosen words the charms both of accent and alliteration. The brief biographies of the early wise men of Greece and certain indications in the Divine Word as well as the traditional lore of savage tribes, render this supposition not wholly improbable.

The oldest proverb of which we have any record is in that oldest of all literatures, the Hebrew; and even at the ancient date at which it appears, it is called "a proverb of the ancients;" thus clearly pointing backward for the origin of the proverb to that shadowy era, so often referred to in our courts of equity and chancery, "the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." This proverb, found in 1 Samuel xxiv, 13, deserves a passing notice on account both of its weight and its striking similarity in sentiment to a class of our own maxims: "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked;" and it illustrates the old saying that "like begets like." In other books of the Bible there are traces of this old-time people's proverbial literature—indistinct, to be sure, in many cases, but, nevertheless, plain enough in the beautiful pastoral of Job, and the writings of Moses, to assure us that this oldest and really most popular form of human composition, no less than poetry, has received the sanction and approbation of the Divine Wisdom.

In those early days, when writing was little understood, and the means of making it available as an art were rare and hard to be obtained, the proverb and the poem—the first the older, the more common, and the better—were used chiefly to condense and express the thought, the experience, and therefore the wisdom of an age or a generation, into such a compact form, that it could be easily remembered and readily recalled on any occasion. It should hence be brought into such form as shall, if possible, carry with it the force of conviction, the power of persuasion, and the resistless might both of eloquence and argument. It should also have such an arrangement of words as shall make it at once elegant and pleasing, as shall arrest the attention and fasten itself in the

memory. There is therefore both reason and propriety in the demand that it shall be short, bold, direct, and sometimes syllogistic and even metaphorical. In such circumstances proverbs and maxims answer the same purpose as abbreviations in printing, or as mathematical signs and symbols in algebraic and geometric readings. The ancients, therefore, used them very much as their merchants used pearls and precious stones, or as the moderns use gold and silver coins, to condense value into a small compass for the sake of convenience in hoarding, in carrying, or in exchange.

Among ancient nations the Hebrews certainly were very fond of proverbs, and much of their uninspired literature must have taken that form. The Chinese have thrown many parts of their sacred books—especially those which treat on the education and discipline of children—into proverbs, so that these are but a collection or mere storehouse of them. The religious system of the Hindoos is apparently made up of absurd histories and useful moral apothegms. And the literature of the Arabians, the Persians, the Saracens, and even the Moors both of Africa and Spain is full of the rich wisdom and convenient forefathers' lore so condensed and polished in their proverbs. Indeed, it is, perhaps, impossible for any people to rise from barbarism to civilization, or even to remain long in a state of refined cultivation, without accumulating a vast store of "old wives' sayings" and common-sense maxims, to be repeated at their firesides, and handed down to their children's children. Who that has read the literature of the Greeks, from Hesiod to Longinus, has failed to observe, running through almost every page, evident and beautiful traces of the people's proverbs? Indeed, Herodotus, in his delightfully-gossiping, and therefore natural, history, does not hesitate to praise his men and heroes for the maxims they uttered, quite as much as for the deeds they performed. And that other most entertaining and valuable book of ancient biography by Diogenes Laertius, does little else than recount the various wise words and witticisms of the men whose lives were its subjects.

Proverbs, composed as they are in the choicest words, containing the largest amount of wisdom and consecrated by the veneration of the world's fathers, become the heir-looms of later generations. Posterity inherits, uses and transmits them as it does the accumulated fortunes of its sires. And, like the money of which those fortunes are composed and which can be turned to account in any business, proverbs did, formerly, represent the intellectual treasures of the world, and may now be used upon any occasion. One thing, however, should not escape our notice in considering

them. They are sentences laid up in the memories of the people, and handed down from father to son since immemorial time, in the exact olden-time words, often homely and sometimes even coarse, but always honest and never trivial. By these primitive words we go back to the stern and honest men of the young days of national, if not of human existence. We not only use the same language and words, but in some measure we share the same thoughts, ideas, purposes, aspirations, and resolutions. As a consequence, we are induced to cultivate the same virtues. In some cases, however, we preserve the words of a proverb, but give it a very different application. Thus while the form of words is the same, the uses to which it is put are altogether dissimilar. A diamond is always the same, whether glittering in a wreath for the hair, a chain for the neck, a clasp for the wrist, or a ring for the finger, though in each case answering a different purpose. So a proverb, while always the same, may have a thousand uses, and may add grace or force to every topic on which men may think or speak. The sentences which the men of old times, when books were few and chances for thinking abundant, knit and compacted together, condensed and loaded with sense, can thus be used every day and on every occasion, and grow into universal popularity. The problem of our sires was not to find how thin and broad a thought could, like gold foil, be spread out, but how much wisdom and wit could be put into two or three words; and ours may be to find how many new and pertinent ideas such a cunning sentence may teach, and how many practical lessons it may afford. Every age and nation, every clime, and profession of men may therefore give to the proverb an application suited to its own peculiar circumstances, and feel that while, like the sun, it is as old as the race, it is still giving new light for their pathways; or that it is, like the affection of love, always the same old well-known emotion, yet it is always a new revelation of human devotion, character, and passion, leading to new acts and expressions, whenever and wherever it enters a new heart.

The apt wit and keen sarcasm of proverbs ought not to pass entirely unnoticed. Their wit is shown by the nimble way in which they catch and present remote analogies and obscure yet instructive resemblances; and in their unexpected combinations of brief, forcible, and beautiful images, comparisons, and figurative words. Their sarcasm consists chiefly in throwing into strong contrasts the vices and virtues, the follies and proprieties of mankind, and in the keen ridicule, often flung out in a single word, heaped upon every thing that does not tend to the instruction or advantage of the race. Examples need not be

cited. Any one may prove all that is here said by a very casual reference to the book of Solomon's proverbs. What bright flashes of wit and what keen arrows of sarcasm are found in those sentences which speak of the sluggard, of the fool, or of the contentious woman! And in our common proverbs, how brilliant is the wit in many that speak of wine and of the drunkard, to say nothing of the spendthrift and the profligate! But not their wit, nor their sarcasm, nor their beauty of language, nor yet their popularity, is their great recommendation. Their true value and the secret of their power are to be sought in the fact, that they are, however much they may be despised by the Lord Chesterfield class of men, the great body of unsystematized, yet well-preserved, every-where acknowledged, and constantly-growing common-sense philosophy, applicable alike to all man's business in all times and in all circumstances. Mr. Stewart, Mr. Reid, M. Cousin, and later, Sir W. Hamilton, have prided themselves on having invented, or rather on having recalled to the attention of mankind, the "philosophy of common-sense." But these proverbs and maxims had long ago established a practical school of this philosophy whose principles have never been questioned. It differs largely, to be sure, from the speculations and reasonings of philosophers, but it had long since arrived at conclusions, which a thousand years of disputing have not disproved nor caused one man practically to doubt. And it argues well both for the practical instincts and for the natural soundness of the understandings of the race, that such men as those just named are coming back to accept the unsophisticated utterances of man's common-sense. Aristotle had said, and schoolmen should have been the last to forget it—"What appears to all men to be true, we philosophers affirm or assume to be true." And these proverbs and maxims—these decisions of the common mind or judgment—contain the great lessons of human experience; and while men feel and think as they now do and have heretofore done, these will never lose their interest nor their power.

Proverbs not only contain these lessons of experience, but they do also contain the judgments of mankind as to truth, duty, propriety, manners, morality, and human ability and progress. All these lessons and judgments are announced in the plain words of business life, frequently in similes and metaphors, but still in strong, homelike, energetic phrases, such as the people love and remember. They contain a practical philosophy that does not always get into books. It is too simple and unostentatious—has too little of long, ambitious, involved, and highly-orna-

mented sentences, to be popular with the romance-loving and wonder-hunting readers of modern novels. It relates no marvelous adventures, no startling incidents. In its severely-truthful utterances passionate lovers do not always marry happily, unless they regard the happiness of each other as much as their own; nor do young people who disregard all law and morality at twenty become patterns of propriety at twenty-five without some change of purpose and conduct. It tells only of success to honesty and labor, only of a hard road to distinction and even to riches. It builds no castles in the air. It does not clothe the world in an atmosphere of rose-color. Nor does it throw a halo of glory around the head of the learned simpleton or of the *roué*.

All literature that has been remarkable for the hold it has kept upon the attention and affection of mankind has contained more or less of this sort of literature, so common in the mouths of men and so uncommon in the pompous belles-lettres of the self-styled literary circles. Look at the Bible, blessed as coming down from heaven, and teaching what no human intelligence could have thought or explained if it had thought it, teaching it, too, in the exact words and forms of the people's old proverbs. Read Plato, embodying the sweetest of human philosophy in the diamond-like beauty of Greek maxims, and Shakespeare, filled to bursting with the stout-spoken, wise-worded, strong-sensed old English proverbial wisdom. How these books have caught up the practical truths wrought out by the race, and embalmed them in gem-like words, which have been wrought into many-colored chains of thought, and become

"Things of beauty  
And a joy forever!"

Although this article has already been long and dull enough, yet a moment more may be used to cite a few instances of proverbs and their particular teachings. This may give a practical conclusion to a rambling and perhaps tediously-repetitious essay. Let one or two proverbs be cited for the sake of showing how profitable in excellent lessons of practical wisdom is this oldest and simplest branch of human literature. The ones selected are not chosen because they are more weighty or more truthful, more beautiful or more widely applicable than others, but solely because they happen to have been lighted upon, and are really less in common and current use among the people than some others. Some of these belong to that class of motto-sentences which the witty and often wise Dr. Holland, or, as he is better known, Timothy Titcomb, characterizes as very hurtful lies when

taught and used to stimulate the ambitious notions of boys and girls at school. Charles Lamb, in his witty and spiteful, though good-natured and attractive manner, was accustomed to prove that old proverbs were old falsehoods. And Lord Chesterfield regarded them as far worse than lies or falsehoods. He merely called them vulgar and ungentle truisms, beneath the notice and dignity of well-bred society. But, notwithstanding all that flippancy may say, all that wit may utter, or artificial refinement may assert, the common, honest, sturdy, earnest people will love proverbs, and will have faith in their truth, proved as it has been by thousands of years of close observation and hard-earned experience.

They are often arranged in pairs, and are sometimes even contradictory or seemingly so. Yet it is not hard to reconcile them when apparently most violently opposed. We have only to remember that they never aim to state a truth or a rule to which there can be no possible exception. They state what the age, or nation, or profession by which they were invented has proved to be true most commonly. Proverbs of different nations will, therefore, state opposing observations, and those of different nations will reveal the peculiar character of those nations. Thus the English will insist upon *frugality* as a *virtue*, while the Arabs will regard it as a *vice* in their proverbs. The French will sneer at woman and the English will applaud her in their current maxims. Put, now, these proverbs side by side and you find flat contradictions. How, then, can they be reconciled? By remembering that proverbs are after all human inventions, and partake of human infirmities. Coming from so many thousand different sources, it is wonderful that they do not oftener contradict, and thus destroy each other wholly. But it is time to quote a few. Here are a couple worthy to be remembered by all workers in all their work, both manual and mental: "*All things are hard before they are easy.*" "*All things are easy that are done willingly.*" The old Greeks are the authors of the first, and they had another very similar, though with a different application: "*Beautiful things are hard.*" It expresses the slow and painful process of the learner, and the difficulty of awkward and untrained labor. The untutored hand, or tongue, or ear, or eye, or mind, whether of a child or a man, always finds whatever it tries, no matter how simple, a very severe task, and is apt to become impatient and fretful at the hardness of the work. But that custom or habit, "which is a second nature," will very soon render the hardest thing easy and the most disagreeable task pleasant. The second of these proverbs explains the process and gives the



reason for it. It teaches how the power of affection lightens every burden of the human heart, and gives the soul wings to fly to the accomplishment of a dreaded duty. Desire accompanied by love makes all labor pleasant and all duty delightful. And hence the poet, catching up the proverb's thought as the prism catches up a sun-beam, thus breaks it up into rainbow brilliance:

"Ah, how skillful grows the hand  
That obeyeth love's command!  
It is the heart and not the brain  
That to the highest doth attain;  
And he who followeth love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest."

Take, now, two others, singularly enough coming down to us from those who have been called the "robber tribes," the Arabs of the desert: "*Alms-giving never made a man poor.*" "*Robbery never made a man rich.*" How grand are these two lessons, and how much would obedience to them contribute to the blessing and the progress of the world! Their truth is written in vivid characters all over the earth, by God's providence in the history of nations no less than that of individuals, and is clearly revealed in the experience of the race, and it should discourage all wrong-doing and stimulate charity.

The old Greeks attributed many of their proverbs directly to the gods. This was eminently the case with three of the most popular which they wrote over the entrance of the temple at Delphos. They were, "*Know thyself*," "*Embrace the occasion*," and "*Nothing in excess.*" We have these all in current use in modern times, though, perhaps, slightly changed in form and greatly changed in sense. Our proverb, which has been the making of so many fortunes, as well, doubtless, as the losing of some—"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day"—is the second, and appears still more like the old original in the homelier phrase, "*Take time by the forelock.*" It is a business man's as well as a Christian man's motto, and ought to be remembered every day of a man's life; and the last is almost identical with that very peculiar and uncourtly yet honest and pregnant sentence of our rustic people, "*Enough is enough.*" Well would it be for the world if we could remember these proverbs. Better by far if we could apply them to our daily business.

Here is a Spanish proverb, full of sound irony and rich instruction. It is full of pertinent wisdom, and administers a wholesome lesson to croakers and impatient philosophers: "*Seek not to correct every man's sun-dial by thine own watch.*" How many men are there of the Theodore Parker, Lloyd Garrison, Dr. Holmes, or Atlantic Monthly school of self-styled theologians

and philosophers who would reform the great light of the world, the Word of God, by the ticking of these little death-watch hearts, or instincts beating in their own bosoms! And they are just as wise as the fools for whom the fathers made the proverb.

An old English proverb—very true and very useful, but very often contradicted—is as follows, namely: "*It is wit to pick a lock or steal a horse, but wisdom to let them alone.*" Never was a truer thing said, and never have men done foolisher things than by practicing, as they often do, the exact opposite.

But here must be an end. It would certainly be very profitable to make up an article of particular proverbs, their signification, and uses, and time for it may occur in the future. Their lessons of truth and wisdom are abundant. They are the blossom and the fruit of human wisdom. They have been the delight of the wise, the pleasure of the aged, the instruction of the simple, and the guides of youth. Happy is that nation whose current conversation and literature is full of them, and whose people love their maxims of truth. But happier still are they who learn and practice the heaven-taught, earth-proven wisdom which they inculcate.

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#### KIND WORDS.

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KIND words do not cost much. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our souls. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls.

Kind words can never die;  
Cherished and blest,  
God knows how deep they lie,  
Stored in the breast;  
Like childhood's simple rhymes,  
Said o'er a thousand times,  
Go through all years and climes,  
The heart to cheer.  
Kind words can never die,  
Never die! never die!  
Kind words can never die;  
No, never die!

### LEGENDS OF DUMPLING HILL—TOM BENNET.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MYERS.

#### CHAPTER III.

**T**OM'S struggle in the great battle began early and was unusually severe. Thoughtful by nature, and made reserved by the petty persecutions he had always undergone, he was not a favorite with the village boys; they could not understand him; they called him craven and coward because he would not join in their mischievous frolics, nor fight, and the poverty and humble occupation of his mother was sufficient excuse for their making him their butt. To torture the unresisting is a propensity peculiar to boyhood, and the lads of Dumpling Hill formed no exception to the general rule. It was no uncommon thing to find him when sent on an errand return bareheaded. Some one of his petty assailants would snatch off his hat, and, after playing football with it, would at last throw it up in a tree, or send it to swim in a pool of water, from which, although ultimately rescued, it was rendered altogether unfit for a covering for the head.

Sometimes they pelted him with mud or other missiles quite as annoying, at others challenged him to a battle of fisticuffs, nicknamed him Tom Patch or Tom Cakes, in allusion to his well-mended clothes or his mother's calling; in short, without really intending to be cruel, did their very best to make the boy's life miserable. Tom had every disposition by nature to resent this bullying treatment, and often, often did he long to turn upon his assailants and give them battle, but he had promised his mother that he would not strike back nor render railing for railing, and he had as yet had firmness enough to resist the temptation of breaking his word. But those who thus exhibited what they deemed a manly spirit by this senseless bullying, although they did not fail to remark the flushed cheek, compressed lips, and eyes flashing with scorn and indignation, were too far removed from Tom's standard of character to appreciate how strong was the effort by which he controlled self, or how severe the struggle by which he gained the victory. Without vouchsafing a word he would walk quietly away, but, having reached his lowly home, and the softening shadows of his mother's influence were shed over him, his anger would vanish, and his pent-up feelings find relief in detailing to her alone the annoyances which had so excited him. Sympathizing deeply in these his childish troubles, she nevertheless steadily inculcated the virtue of forbearance, and thus, his heart girded with silent fortitude, he kept on

in the even tenor of his way, alike unfearing and unresisting.

The greatest of Tom's tormentors was an arrogant boy named George Tompkins, who, being the son of a rich father—one of the *furriners* whom Nancy did not like—thought he had a right to treat "Patch," for so he always called our hero, as he pleased. Badly trained at home, believing himself superior to any other boy in the village, he, as he grew up, began to usurp power, and bully and oppress his fellows, more indeed to show his authority and importance than from a desire to oppress. Vain and overbearing, thoughtless rather than wicked, he played silly if not malicious pranks on all who were not able or willing to resist. But Tom, whose natural nobility he could not understand, was his steady butt.

On one occasion, when he was standing surrounded by a group of boys, the widow's son, returning from some errand, happened to pass by.

"Look here, Tom, look here," he cried, "the queerest thing you ever saw in your life."

Moved by the natural curiosity of childhood, Tom approached, but it was only to receive a handful of snuff in his eyes, which the treacherous lad threw without one thought of the pain he was inflicting both on the body and mind of his victim. All are not evil. Some who might thoughtlessly ridicule him as "Tom Patch," or enjoy pelting him with mud, considered this as an outrage. "Shame, shame," they cried as they saw the tears trickle from the closed eyes of the unoffending boy, who spoke no word of reproach, neither did he manifest the least intention of turning on his enemy.

"George Tompkins," said Sam Williams, a stout boy who stood by, and of a better as well as bolder spirit than the rest, "I have a notion to thrash you for this trick."

"Come on," cried Tompkins, "I am ready for you as well as Patch. What's the use of making a fuss about him? he's nothing but a cake-woman's son!"

"That's no reason you should put his eyes out," said Sam. "Cake-women's sons need their eyes just as much as carders and spinners. For my part I can't see why one trade an't as good as another."

George now became very angry; he stormed at Sam Williams, who, well versed in the language of retort, gave back word for word with interest. There was now every symptom of a regular fight; the boys formed a ring, and Sam, who was a regular wrestler, ready to begin, but Tom, who could not yet open his eyes, begged him not to get into trouble on his account, but if he wished to aid him help him to get home.

This new ally of Tom's was a desperate hero in the sight of all the boys, and consequently much feared. George, however he might bully, was, nevertheless, an arrant coward, and the only thing as yet—as he said to himself—he had to thank Tom Bennet for was taking Sam Williams away. On the way thither they met Nancy, who, having heard from Sam how the affair occurred, was loud in her invectives against the *furriners*, who, she said, thought themselves beyond any body. Full of benevolence as of irritability, she immediately procured a pan of new milk, and, proceeding on her errand of mercy, reached the widow's cottage almost as soon as did the boys. This soothing remedy at once applied to the injured eyes the inflammation subsided, and by the next day were as well as ever. Nevertheless, the affair served as a topic for village gossip, and many called on Mrs. Bennet and advised her "to prosecute," but to all such she uniformly replied that to do so would not mend the matter, and the boy's father was certainly not to blame. George, however, got into disfavor for a time on account of it; he heard of it in all the school-boy quarrels, and, like all others of his stamp, instead of profiting by the lesson he might have received was only the more embittered against Tom, and only studied how he could most annoy him and provoke Sam Williams, who had dared to come forth as his champion.

Notwithstanding Tom's ungainly appearance, he had always had two warm friends in the community, who constantly spoke in his favor when any thing was urged against him. Two or three times when he had been tempted to go on a fishing or nutting frolic with the other boys, and they had got into trouble through some of them trampling over grain-fields, or stealing fruit out of gardens, the whole matter had been blamed on him—he had no father to protect him, and his mother was very poor, and, as well known, never resented any thing, but bore all meekly. But if on this occasion she could not muster up courage to defend her boy, our old friend Nancy and Billy Murphy, the schoolmaster, did; they ferreted the affair to the utmost, found out the real culprits, and thus exonerated Tom from all blame. From this time, however, Tom avoided the society of the boys as much as possible; refused to go bird-nesting on Sundays, or to fish in the "Silver Brook," or to go swimming in the "Salmon Pond;" so most of them became his enemies, they could not have told why, and ridiculed and mocked him whenever they could. As he grew up to maturer boyhood he became quieter than ever, and many voted him gloomy and morose when he was only retiring. Our old friend Nancy, strange to say, had always had a

peculiar fancy for the boy; it certainly was not that she had any idea of the noble emotions that lay slowly developing in that shrouded heart, or dream that any particular advancement, further than that secured by patient industry, awaited him; it was but the kindly sympathies of her impulsive nature, rudely shown indeed, but steady in their exercise toward the orphan boy. Her kind heart at first led her to pity one who was so poor, and, as she expressed it, "disolate and prosecuted," but afterward, and as she lived in close neighborhood with Mrs. Bennet, the quiet forbearance, unpretending demeanor, and obliging disposition of both mother and son, called forth a true and honest affection which neither time nor circumstances ever changed.

The other friend was Mr. Murphy, the village schoolmaster, a plain old man, who looked beyond the surface of things and judged accordingly. As he gazed into the boy's dark, expressive eyes and remarked what a world of meaning was sent through those "windows of the soul," varying from the brightest glances of intelligence to the deepest earnestness of serious thought, he predicted that, in spite of patched clothes and homely raising, "Tom Bennet, if he did not get spoiled by bad company or bad habits, to which as yet he had shown no liking, would make something yet which the lads who now mocked could never climb up to."

The old man, however, did not limit his friendship to words only, but, finding that Mrs. Bennet was really too poor to send him to school, and besides could not spare him every day, Mr. Murphy proposed that he should take his place in the school-house at such times as he could, and come up to his house, which was in the village, every evening, where he would hear him recite the lessons he studied at home, or give him exercises in arithmetic, and besides all this lend him the books he had not the means to buy. There is great pleasure in instructing one who is anxious to learn, and the old man found a full reward in the rapid unfolding of the rich mind he was so charitably cultivating. He was poor, but the energetic and benevolent can always find a field for active charity, and so he gave what Tom learned to prize more than money, namely, instruction, and the boy, being above receiving favors without trying at least to make a return, found time enough between his numerous duties to cut up all the old teacher's wood, for the latter being a cripple, could not do it himself. Thus the two went on, reciprocating favors, till our hero attained his tenth year, at which age he was as mature as most boys at twelve. The spelling-lessons received here in this vestibule of the temple of science soon enabled him to remark

the ridiculous spelling on the sign over his mother's door, and that of the "Black Bare." He procured by some means a brush and some paint, and quietly erased the obnoxious letters from both, leaving only the emblems to make their own explanation.

The annoyances and tricks of the boys continued. We will not attempt to detail them, but only mention one or two incidents that occurred, as it serves to throw additional light on the character thus forming amid trials and poverty, and how the moral sunshine can keep away the darkness that otherwise would gather by trying ever to overcome evil with good. On the first occasion to which we allude Tom had been at school, and in recess time was playing at pins, in those days a very common amusement. George Tompkins came up to watch the sport; the game was close, and Tom and his competitor became a good deal excited. The latter was a favorite with Tompkins, who, finding his friend likely to be beaten, snatched up the hat and flung it out, pins and all, into the mud. It was our hero's hat, and in a sad condition when he picked it up, and, exasperated by the arrogance of the act as well as by the shouts and laughter of the rest, he forgot his usual self-control and addressed some words of sharp reproach to Tompkins, who stood silent for a moment, amazed that Bennet should dare to speak thus to him.

"You poor, beggarly scamp," he cried, "do you know who you are speaking to?"

"I do indeed," said Tom coolly.

"Take that, then," cried George as he struck him in the face with his fist.

"Hit him back—give it to him, Tom," now resounded on all sides. Tom, however, was no fighter, and if he had been his enemy's blow had completely disabled him. The blood spouted from his nose and mouth; the boys were not only astounded but greatly terrified, and as he staggered and seemed ready to faint, the teacher was called. The old man washed the blood from Tom's face, which exhibited strong marks of the violence of the blow, and, having heard a true statement of the whole affair from the others who were present, threatened to tell George's father, not only of this occurrence but all the previous ill-treatment Tom had received from his son. George was frightened; he knew his father would not tolerate such proceedings, and, having offered a humble apology to Tom, and promised better behavior in the future, Mr. Murphy was induced to forego his purpose, particularly as the injured lad joined in the request.

Tom at first resolved that he would not tell his mother of this last provocation, for he was careful to save her from all trouble; but he had to

account for his bruised face, and so he related the affair just as it happened, and concluded by declaring how hard had been the struggle with himself in forbearing to return the blow.

"Mother," he said, "they will call me a coward, and treat me worse than ever. The boys said I ought to stand up for my rights, and I did want—O, how I did want to strike him when the boys all hallooed, 'Hit him back—fair play!' Mother, I can not tell you how badly I wanted to strike him."

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The garden I speak of, as it appeared to my youthful eyes that evening, has lived in my memory ever since, a gorgeous, "sweet-scented picture," which language is not rich enough to describe. I think it will always live there till I go where flowers are immortal, and where there is "no more night."

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Then she went on caressing her nursling, apparently as much to its gratification as her own. It laid its soft, fair cheek against the dark-hued face of the nurse, who at that age was more to it than its own mother.

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"And now you love them so much," I said, as a party of little ones rushed from behind a huge holly where they had been playing hide-and-seek with two little colored girls, sub-servants to Aunt Hester in the nursery.

"Ah, yes, Miss L., 't is my luck to be allays gitting to love what's took right away from me. I wish I could stop loving."

"O, I would n't want to stop loving. It makes one happier."

"I s'pose it does make such as you happier, Miss L."

"As me?"

"Yes, Miss L., you is n't a slave, to have every thing God Almighty gin you took away."

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hard to do it, for he liked to be into every thing. But he was such a *piert* little fellow that I know'd if a slave-dealer once got his eye on him, he'd try to coax him out of master; and master had more slaves than money.

"One day when I went to carry some work to Miss Amelia, I saw master talking with a mighty bad-looking man in the hall. I know'd he was n't a gentleman the minute I looked at him. Such folks as he allays carries their trade in their eye.

"The next day I was setting sewing in the door, and Ned was sailing paper boats in the run close by, when master came up. He look'd at Ned, but had n't a kind word to say to him that day.

"Ned's grown a big boy, Hester. It's time he was doing something besides sailing paper boats," he said, speaking very rough.

"My heart sunk clear down. I know'd what was coming, but I spoke up—

"If master'd please to set Neddy at some work, he'd do it."

"Well, we must do something with him. We'll see."

"Then he went away.

"I went right 'cross the lot up to Miss Amelia. She was singing to herself as gay as a lark, so pretty and innocent, setting by the window looking out towards the mountains and the river. She was a sweet young lady, and allays had a pleasant word for all. The servants loved her dearly.

"How pretty the hills look, Aunt Hester," she said, "all covered over with red-bud! I shall have to say good-by to them one of these days, and I shall be sorry!"

"I knew that she was thinking 'bout being married, but I could n't talk about any thing but Ned.

"O, Miss Amelia," I said, "does master mean to sell Ned?"

"She started, and turned as red as a rose.

"Sell Ned, Hester! Why do you ask such a question?"

"O, Miss Amelia, you'r afeard of thunder and git sick afore you see the cloud. Now thar's something that allays tells me when my children's goin' to be took off, and then I git heart-sick."

"But they won't be taken. Papa has promised."

"Miss Amelia, they allays promise. 'T aint nothin'."

"Papa's promises are something, Aunt Hester."

"Miss Amelia, he's got to raise a heap of money to pay for the house and furniture he's gi'n you;

and 't will take a heap more to pay for your wedding clothes."

"Miss Amelia turned redder yet.

"I'll have no wedding clothes if Ned's to be the price for them, and no house neither."

"They's all bought and got to be paid for, Miss Amelia. I heard master tell missus so hisself."

"I'll speak to papa—do n't be uneasy, Aunty. Sell Ned, indeed! Papa would n't think of it. Besides, Mr. Middleton would n't want me on such terms."

"I know'd Mr. Middleton would n't care who was sold, so he got the money; but I would n't tell Miss Amelia so, dear young lady. She loved him, and thought he was like her—which he never was—and we all know'd it. Somehow, Miss L., we slaves gits mighty sharp 'bout spying out folks. We knows what they is better than our masters and missuses does. Fine feathers do n't make fine birds with us."

"When I went home, Ned was singing to himself, and making baby-houses out of acorns that fell off the big oak-tree by the door.

"See, mamma," says he, "I'm building a house, and when I'm a man I'll build one for you."

"He'd allays said he'd be a carpenter, so he could build me a house. I goes in and sets down to sew on a dress of Miss Amelia's. I'll never forget that dress. I remember every bit of lace and every flower I sewed on it. O, how I hated it! I allays grew sick and weak when I had to dress Miss Amelia in it. I would n't tell her so, or she'd never have put it on; but it was like some silver she once read to me about in the Bible, that was called the 'price of blood.' To buy such things for the young ladies, our children are sold.

"As I trimmed the dress I heard the wide gate open, and saw the very man who had been talking to master in the morning come down the avenue. I know'd that he was a slave-dealer, and that he wanted Ned. I jump'd up and caught the little fellow in my arms. I tried to draw him in the house, but he saw the man's horse, and broke away from me and ran towards it. The man had stopp'd by the door and ask'd me to give him a drink of water. I carried him some in a gourd, but he said that it was warm, and that I must bring him some fresher out of the spring. I tried to coax Ned to go with me, but he stood patting the horse and would n't stir away from it. The man said, why did n't I go and get the water, so I had to go, though I was all of a tremble.

"My back was just turned when I heard the man say, 'Little fellow, would n't you like a ride on my fine horse?"



"I turned round quick, and saw Ned looking mighty well pleased, with his bare feet in the stirrup reaching up to the man. Before I could speak he had him before him in the saddle. I screamed out, 'O, Neddy, come down, the man's fooling you. He's going to carry you off and sell you.'

"I do n't think he heard me. He was looking up in the trader's face and laughing at something he was saying to him. They set off on a hard canter, and my child was gone."

"Gone!" I said.

"Gone, clean gone."

Here the poor creature covered her face with her hands and rocked backward and forward. I could not speak one word. What comfort could I give her? But a veil fell from before my eyes at that moment. The magnitude of the evil all around me was for the first time clearly seen. Hester did not shed as many tears as I. She rarely wept. Repeated sorrows seemed to have toned her down to a state of patient, unexpecting sadness. The noble creature, always employed for others, seemed rarely to think of herself, and I had not known her allude to her past history before. After a few moments she went on in her usual calm, monotonous voice—

"I went on like a wild beast at first, and would n't hear a word master had to say to me. He tried to make out that it was best all round for me and Ned to be parted. He talked mighty mild till I *rared* up so that I made him mad. Then he said he'd have me tied up and whipped for being saucy. I told him to do it, I did n't care any thing about the whipping. They might whip me to death—I wished they would. You see, Miss L., I'd got 'bove 'em all. Master felt mighty bad, and went off without calling Philip to tie me up. He sent Miss Amelia to me. She put her arms around my neck and cried. I could n't cry a drop, but that dear young lady's tears made me softer like. I gin up, and told her to tell master I was sorry for my behavior.

"When Miss Amelia was married I was gin to her, and she begged so hard that Rosanna, my last child, might be with me that Mr. Middleton bought her. She'd grown to be a right smart girl.

"When Miss Amelia's first baby was born she called me to her and put it in my arms.

"'Aunt Hester,' she said, 'I give my dear little boy to you because you are so faithful and good.'

"'O, do n't, Miss Amelia,' I said, 'I don't want to love any more children. Please do n't.'

"But she said, 'Little baby, Aunt Hester won't have you, and nobody could take such good care of you. Poor little baby!'

"I could n't stand that. I stretched out my arms for the little fellow, and I always had charge of him afterwards. No use in trying, Miss L., I loved him just as good as I could, and Miss Amelia was contented.

"The baby's name was Edward. One day Miss Amelia said, 'You need n't call him master Edward, Aunt Hester. Call him Neddy, and he'll be more like your own.'

"But I never called him so. No, I could n't, nohow. Miss Amelia had three children, and then died. The youngest was buried in the coffin with her. Master took on dreadful for a time. Then he went north to see his friends who had moved thar 'bout a year before. Before Miss Amelia died she gave the little ones into my care. They were left with me when master went north. They were mighty nice children, and I loved them dearly, especially the little Miss Alice, who was n't two years old. She slept with me at night, and would hardly go out of my arms all day.

"Master came back from the North and said he was going to send the children on thar to live with his mother. I did n't want to go north, but he said if I did n't go he must get another nurse for little Alice, and I was 'feard the new nurse would n't use her well. Besides, master Edward was n't strong, and a stranger would n't know how to take care of him like me. I felt mighty bad 'bout going on account of Rosanna.

"'I'll take as good care of Rosanna when you're gone as I do now,' master said.

"But I told him, 'O, master, I'm 'feard you'll sell her when I'm gone.'

"Master said, 'How can you think of such a thing, Hester, when you're only going to oblige me? You're very foolish.'

"But I could n't help saying back, 'Master, I've been promised things so often that never come to pass.'

"'There's no reason that I should sell Rosanna,' master said then. 'I want her for my housekeeper. You know she and you were the only ones your mistress could ever trust with the keys.'

"I know'd there was something in that; but I said, 'Master, I'm 'feard I shall freeze north.'

"He laughed at that and said he'd give orders to have plenty of fire in my room. So I looked at Rosanna and felt I could n't go, and then at Miss Amelia's little children and felt I could n't stay. They cried at the thought of my not going with them, especially when master told them he was going to send Celia for their nurse. They could n't bear Celia.

"After studying it all over I made up my

mind to go with the children. Rosanna broke right down when we went off, for she was mighty fond of the children; but I tried to keep up, especially when master said if I would n't go Celia must.

"I says to master, 'Master, I goes for love of Miss Amelia's children. You'll be good to my poor girl, won't you?'"

"He said he allays had and allays would. I had it mighty hard at the North. The cold pinched me, and I had a heap of things to do there that never come to me at the South. But the children grow'd strong and big, and I tried to be contented.

"After I had been there a year a letter came from master to his sister. She did n't tell me any thing that was in it. I wondered at it, because she was allays free to speak about master's letters before.

"So at last I said, 'How is master, Miss Agnes?'"

"Quite well, thank you, Hester."

"Is he coming on to see the children?"

"She said, 'My brother's going to be married, Hester.'"

"I was struck up in a heap; but I felt worse yet when she said, 'He is to marry Miss Selina Pendleton, whom you know.'"

"O, Miss Selina Pendleton! She was called the grandest and handsomest lady in the country," I said. "But she do n't look like Miss Amelia, and she is n't like her nohow. I did n't think master'd forget Miss Amelia a'ready."

"He has n't forgot her, Hester, but he thinks it's best for the children."

"Then, I s'pose, master'll send for us all home."

"He'll take both the children home."

"He won't leave me, I'm sure, Miss Agnes."

"Then all came out.

"You see, Hester, Miss Selina says you spoil the children, and that it's better for them to have a new nurse."

"A new nurse and keep me here forever away from Rosanna! No, Miss Agnes, I goes if the children goes. A hard time the poor little darlings'll have with new nurse and new mother. Besides, I'm dying to see my girl."

"Miss Agnes did n't seem to know how to say what she'd got to; but at last she spoke out.

"Rosanna is n't at Woodlawn now."

"My heart jumped right into my throat, just as it did when the trader carried Neddy off. I said to Miss Agnes, 'Has master sold Rosanna?'"

"Yes, Hester, but he's also sold you to the same person."

"I could n't speak a word. I looked so that master Edward, and Miss Alice, and Miss Agnes

all set off a-crying. Then Miss Agnes said, 'O, Alice, go kiss your dear old mammy.'

"Then Miss Alice screamed out, 'No, no, she is n't old mammy. You shan't call her so. She's new mammy—dear, pretty, new mammy.'"

"She climbed up on my lap, and kissed and hugged me and cried. There was plenty of tears out o' thar eyes, none come from mine.

"After a while Miss Agnes, who did feel mighty bad, said, 'You know Mrs. Middleton's brother has moved to Louisiana, but he took several slaves from Virginia. He thought so much of Rosanna that he offered your master a very high price for her, but he would n't sell her unless he'd take you too. I'm sure, Hester, there'll be comfort in your being together.'"

"I did n't see whar comfort was, 'specially when Miss Alice and master Edward began to scream out, 'O, mammy! mammy! do n't go away and leave us!'"

"I'd got to give up my own child or Miss Amelia's. I saw that plain. I must stay with the poor children or they'd go into Miss Selina's hands and Celia's. I know'd 'em both. Hard masters they'd make to them tender little orphans. It was mighty bad to let poor Rosanna go south without me; but she was a woman, and could take care of herself as well as any slave can. But I thought I'd get Miss Agnes to write and ask master John Dinwiddie if he would n't give up the bargain and let us both stay with old master."

"Miss Agnes felt mighty bad about the affair, and cried a heap. She'd been north long enough to hate to hear of people's being bought and sold. I heard her tell old Mrs. Middleton that instead of master's selling me south he ought to give me free, 'cause I'd took good care of his children. She wrote to her brother a good many times 'bout getting back Rosanna and me, but master John did n't want to give us up. At last he consented to let me stay on account of his sister's children."

"When master was married he brought Miss Selina on to see his kin at the North. She was handsome, but had a sharp temper. I saw plain enough that she did n't want me with the children, but I know'd they could n't do without me. I thought I'd just go straight on and take no notice of any thing, and that after a while she'd get over not liking me. I s'pose I did spoil Miss Alice some. She was a passionate little thing, but she was mighty loving, and one word from me would put her all right. Her new mother tried to set her and master Edward agin me. She could n't do it, though. One day she shut master Edward up in a dark closet till he 'most went into fits. I begged and prayed her to let

him out, but she would n't do it. I was 'most crazy, and said, 'You an't fit to govern Miss Amelia's children nobow.'

"I should n't have said so, but I felt so bad about the child being shut up in the dark and sobbing his life out. Miss Selina turned round and struck me in the face. She ought n't to have done it, for I was old enough to be her grandmother. She wanted master to have me whipped, but he said he could n't do that. He sold me to Mr. Beresford here. The children broke their hearts 'bout my leaving them, but master Edward did n't live very long. Miss Alice grew up a beautiful young lady. She writes to me now often and sends me presents."

"Do you ever hear from Rosanna?" I asked Aunt Hester.

"Rosanna died on her way out to Louisiana."

"You 've never heard from Ned?"

"Miss L., I did hear from Ned. One evening when master had gone on his circuit, and mistress with him, the children found a sick colored boy lying in that lane at the foot of the garden. They came running in to tell us. I was just bathing the baby and could n't leave him, but Mrs. Darwin went down to see him. She found a colored boy sure enough. He'd been dropped there by a slave-dealer from a gang he was driving, because he was sick and could walk no farther. Mrs. Darwin spoke to him, but he would n't answer. She got two of the men to carry him into the wash-house down by the river and put a pillow under his head. When I went down to him she was speaking to him 'bout the Savior and 'bout dying, but he just shut his eyes tight and would n't look at her. As soon as I looked at that ragged boy my heart went right to him. I said, 'Honey, won't you have a drink?'

"He opened his eyes and looked a kind o' wild. Then he said, 'Mammy.' It was my poor Ned. God knows how he come to be dropped right thar. I s'pose it was that I might help him at the last. I was allays thankful for it. I staid with him till he died the next evening. Mrs. Darwin tended the baby for me so I might n't leave him. He could n't tell me any thing, but he died peaceful, and I seemed to feel that he went home. Once when I thought he was gone he opened his eyes and sung out pretty strong the old tune,

" 'Angels come for sister Flora.'

"I said, 'Has they come for you, Neddy dear?'

"He did n't make me no answer, but just dropped off. I was glad I could lay him out, and Master Beresford gin him a beautiful funeral.

The young men walked ahead of the coffin, singing,

" 'Angels come for brother Neddy.'

"Master says I shall lie 'long side of him down by the big rock thar. I guess they won't sell me any more. I'm mighty old and wore out now. They could n't get much for me, and missus would n't like to have any body else nurse the children."

This faithful slave, with qualities that would have entitled her to rank with the noblest daughters of the land, died two years afterward in the family of Mr. Beresford. She was buried beside her son, and a tombstone marks their resting-place. In her last illness her mind seemed to go back to former days. She talked of Alice as if she were a little child, still dependent on her care, and her last words were, "O, take care of her! Do n't let her fall!"

Faithful, noble creature! What a system is that which made your life a life of torture, and the tender, motherly feelings that God gave you a source of deep and continued misery!

#### EVER CHANGING.

BY ABBIE F. EMERY.

Ever changing are the shadows,  
Moving silently and fast,  
Flitting o'er life's checkered pathway  
Like the visions of the past;  
Wak'ning memories sad and tearful,  
Memories, too, all clear and bright;  
Thus they 're changing, ever changing  
From the morning till the night.

Ever changing is the sunlight,  
Now a gleam and then a cloud;  
How they gather misty vapors,  
Wrap the earth in tearful shroud,  
Till the storm of life is over,  
And the mists are swept away!  
Then the gleaming golden sunlight  
Seems like dawn of endless day.

Ever changing are our pleasures;  
Now we're joyous, now we're sad,  
Short-lived as the morning dewdrop  
Trifles that have made us glad.  
They who have no hope in heaven—  
Father, help them lest they sink!  
Loudly call, and O, receive them  
Ere they reach the river's brink.

Ever changing are our sorrows,  
There's no life *all* filled with gloom;  
Oft a gleam of joy will enter  
From the cradle to the tomb.  
Ever changing joys and sorrows—  
May we look, O God, to thee!  
Guide us to that better portion,  
Heaven and immortality.

## COLLEGES FOR WOMEN.

BY THRACE TALMON.

**M**R. MADISON said to Miss Martineau when she was in this country that the United States had been "useful in proving things before held impossible." In nothing is this truer than of the education of women. We have demonstrated to a certainty that the one sex is as capable of receiving what is termed a liberal education as the other and stronger.

It is a law of political economy that the supply should equal the demand. We apprehend that the demand for the right education of those whom nature has intended for wives, mothers, or other feminine relation has not yet been adequately supplied. Our sex has learned much, but not enough. It might be well for individuals to exchange the knowledge of some "highest branches" for what the French call *savoir faire*—the knowing how to do, and also the knowing of many things which too often escape between the interstices of closely-packed attainments of mere pretension.

It is not desirable that women should have prescribed to them the same course of study as men. Their Creator has not made them to act manhood in any one of its phases. Whenever they do thus change the design of nature they become an anomaly. Hence it should not be reckoned a thing approvable for a woman to attempt to secure the same kind of education as is furnished her brothers.

In all the higher institutions of learning for females that we have visited not one has been found where sufficient time and instruction were allowed to fit the pupil for practical life—that life which each had to live a few years later. While they demonstrated problems in the higher mathematics, their compositions and letters were seen to be strangely destitute of many graces of arrangement, style, and evidence of a general understanding of what they were expected to do and say. While they conversed in very miserable French, their mother tongue, the incomparable Saxon, was frequently broken into bad grammar or worse provincialisms. Such expressions as, "An't you jest come?" "There is a good many," "Good evenin'," etc., with occasional exclamations from the commonest vocabulary of slang—altogether in a thick, crowded, often unintelligible enunciation—are in use by those who are called fine scholars. Let me not be thought too critical or sweeping in this statement. You, my reader, have only to place yourself in any of our "female colleges" or "seminaries" for only one hour to be satisfied of this truth. No person

is always infallible in the right use of the best language; but it is one thing to be aware of your deficiencies or mistakes, and another to persevere in the habit of incorrectness.

But these are but a tithe of the superficialities and inaccuracies which commonly obtain currency in one of the establishments where Greek and trigonometry and kindred branches are dispensed. Not that we undervalue the acquisition of any such knowledge as that last-named; far from it. We ask only for an equal attention, at least, to matters which are far more important in real life.

Another desideratum we have found in these institutions, to be information upon many subjects which an educated woman in the various positions of common life is expected to possess. We know of a "junior class" in one of our female colleges, which numbered young ladies from the higher grade of society, who were versed in the lore of the classics, but could not affirm that they had ever heard of the historian Prescott. To meet this and kindred deficiencies, time should be appropriated for thorough instruction in those things which at present receive little or no attention for want of provision of suitable instruction and opportunity. It by no means happens that an excellent teacher of mathematics is qualified to give instruction in history, biography, or belles-lettres. It requires a long period of liberal culture by means of reading, conversation, correspondence, and hard personal study to be well adapted to instruct others in general literature. No teacher can excel in every department of instruction. Hence instruction should be apportioned into as many departments as the wants of the institution demand, and teachers thoroughly versed in each provided, and distinctly separated in their instruction. One who teaches a little of mathematics, a little of language, more of something else, and thus through the list of studies can do justice to nothing, can be interested thoroughly in nothing, and, consequently, the pupils receive but inadequate return for their outlay.

A college for women should be so liberally endowed that it can afford to furnish suitable instruction, or, in other circumstances, it should not be entitled to the high designation which it assumes. Common consent should give it only its due.

With such means a faculty of instruction should be provided with the strictest reference to the needs of the institution. The Board of Trustees, or whoever has the right to engage these individuals to whom is to be committed such momentous interests, would do wisely, however unpopularly, if they took the liberty to



question the candidates for the most important trust something in this wise:

(Trustees to the prospective president.) Have you applied to us for the chief reason that no other equally-eligible position appears wherein you may wear the respectable honors of your high and august titles with so little individual expenditure of energy and labor? If you design to write a book while in the discharge of the office under notice, have you that rare faculty of confining your thoughts on your classes and leaving your manuscript work in your private study? In the distribution of instruction among the faculty do you wish to give out thrice as much labor as you reserve for yourself to those who do not receive one-half your salary and represent the weaker sex? Have you "the wisdom of a serpent" combined with "the harmlessness of a dove?" or, in other words, can you "see all other's faults and feel your own" more readily than any others, and would you pluck out your right eye sooner than you would be guilty of baseness or a wrong motive?

(Trustees to the prospective principal.) Can you meekly hear the praise of another lady, and that other an associate teacher? Can you on all occasions so conduct toward those persons who are in a measure dependent upon you as to answer the obligation to do to others as you would have them do to you in like circumstances? Can you kindly receive advice from persons whose duty it is to advise you? or have you such unlimited confidence in yourself as to secretly if not openly refuse the least suggestion for your good? Do you ever vary from the truth in word or deed? Have you a taste for putting every one "in their place" except yourself? Can you bear success and favor without evident giddiness? or yet worse, a state of ossification of the heart?

Having answered the above questions satisfactorily, all of which has been proven to be of the utmost relevancy, especially that in regard to *truth*, it should be seen that the lady principal is a person who possesses the gift of executive ability, upon which very much of the prosperity of the whole establishment depends. You can tell by her profile and tone of voice if she is a woman who enjoys that line of verse—

"Time drags me ever at his chariot wheel."

Or, if her disposition and qualities render her like that person to whom the "beauteous angel" spoke—

"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to wrong unknown  
In sweet memorial rise before the throne;  
These charms success in our bright region find,  
And force an angel down to calm thy mind."

Unless she has a close walk with God she can not control herself, and if she can not control herself she must fail in effectual government of others. She should never betray the least anger. It is a mistake to suppose that power consists in "sound and fury." So long as one is in a passion the perceptions are not clear and correct. Calm consideration will place the matter in a different light, so that the ultimate decision will be unlike that formed on the heated extremity, and will need to be repented of or adroitly excused. A spirit thus held in equable poise is sure to overcome others, however intractable.

Her central element of will should be love. To love all and be loved by all for real excellence is a laudable ambition. This will preclude the beginning of much sorrow, else sure to result from the contact of totally-varying natures, hitherto subject to opposing influence and association. Her compassion should be illimitable. Numberless circumstances should enter into the account when her opinions are insensibly shaping themselves into action. These can not even be signified here; but a good heart, filled with love to God and all the creatures of his loving care, will not fail of finding them at every step of administration. This love should never flow into channels of base partiality; while it may well be understood by all that goodness and excellence are sure to win favor.

The motives presented to the pupils should be of the highest order. Since motive is the secret spring of all action, the leading power can not be too careful in the selection, distribution, and account of this class of forces. For the most part their working is in secret; hence an infinitely-increased responsibility obtains.

The motive, "if you do thus it will not please me," should never be presented by the principal. This from its very nature, which is contrary to human nature, is sure to defeat itself. The greatest commanders of whom we read had sagacity to discover that the people could be urged into the most enthusiastic obedience by motives of patriotism—their "altar-fires," "God and the right"—rather than the other of winning favor from the sovereign executive.

"Such conduct," the rather should be said to pupils if meriting reproof, "is unbecoming to yourselves, who are expected by your parents and friends to achieve characters for excellence in which all may justly have confidence. And thus you can not receive that blessing from heaven which is promised to those who walk uprightly." This may and should be amplified into different shades of counsel, reproof, or encouragement, as the case would seem to require. "Pleasing me" is a certain consequence of the

success of the other and superior motives. Teachers need never apprehend the absence of a desire to please instructors on the part of the pupils if they can establish a character for disinterested regard for the best interests of those committed to their care. None are more shrewd or subtle in perceiving the difference between this true and a false regard than pupils when of sufficient age to be admitted into college or higher institution. All profession of a concern which has but a flimsy foundation on a mere passion for temporary success is sure to be quickly detected and as thoroughly despised. But let it be proven that right is ever the standard without respect to persons, united with that charity in the absence of which all other qualities are vain, and no enthusiasm equals that of pupils for such an instructor.

A principal should institute no laws which, of consequence, will need to be broken, much less which she will be under the necessity of breaking or altering herself without new and sufficiently-cogent reasons. If this is done her character for good government will be weakened if not soon destroyed altogether. As few laws as possible, and these binding, is the wiser standard. "The man who is over-curious to hear and see every thing multiplies troubles to himself," remarks Seneca. This is not less true of instructors. Herein is a vast necessity for that wisdom which but too few who aspire to control others are found to possess. The line between negligence in open discovery and unworthy zeal for detection is one of extreme delicacy, and it can not be found always without much care and reliance on coöperation from that Wisdom which alone knoweth the intents of the heart.

It is indispensable, however, that it is seen and known by all that nothing escapes the vigilance of the leading spirit of such an institution, and which, if not always brought to explanation, may be reserved to enter into some one of the accounts which affect the standing of the pupil, and thus has a bearing upon their interests. The principal should possess a talent for reading character. By this she can ascertain much of the real in distinction from the spurious, and be able always to judge more accurately than if narrowed to the mere result of appearances. If, after thus reading with careful wisdom, she discovers delinquents in good order and good intention, it is her duty to bravely though discreetly meet the difficulty. She should first see each offender in private, strictly with no witnesses. With all kindness but firmness the faults should then be narrated, with free permission stated for explanation or apology. Where this is satisfactory and amendment promised it should be

accepted in good faith, with advice given for the prevention of future misdemeanor. She should never permit such subject of discipline to leave her presence without having *reached the heart* as well as the reason. If love be newly planted there a second interview of this character will not often occur.

But if it appears that the disorderly are not truly reclaimed, let several other kindred methods be employed before such pupils are exposed to the censure of the faculty before the whole institution. This grave punishment should never be resorted to save under the most imperative circumstances, for if the sensibilities once become blunted or wounded to a desperate degree, there is little hope of any permanent good being effected. The object of all punishment should be reformation and not vengeance; therefore, the utmost care is requisite that the right kind of discipline is practiced.

It is the peculiar duty of the principal to give both general and special instruction to all the assembled pupils upon the conduct of life at stated seasons. In the discharge of this important function of her office, much wisdom, derived from multiform experience, is requisite. Little things, which very consistently and properly in other scenes of life may be tacitly passed over, should here be presented and forcibly though not coarsely illustrated. A breach of etiquette, which should be entirely excused in persons who have not had the opportunity to know and practice differently, on these occasions should be explained and thoroughly amended. This should ever be accomplished in a way which can not reasonably wound the feelings of any. Meantime, it will be idle for a principal to teach good culture without the adjunct of living it herself. She must ever be the model of all which she would enforce, so far as it is possible for her to do so. To this end let no word of unbecoming haste or ribaldry, or other reprehensible speech, be ever heard from her lips, even in the most social moment. Let her never descend to do aught that she could not approve in her best hours of reflection. However it may appear to those who desire to practice otherwise, with this is entirely compatible a pleasant, graceful, and most delightful manner, which alone can retain what many less guarded can only gain for a brief time.

The least the principal says of herself the better. A vain boast of what she has done, seen, or won, or what she is conscious of being able to accomplish, should be entirely foreign from her spirit. If she is truly worthy of much praise it will soon be ascertained by all. The very pains of making this discovery for themselves hightens the zest and greatly increases the regard

of the pupils. Something thus is ever left for their imaginations, which are fully equal to all possible reality.

The associate teachers or professors should each understand their individual duties which they contract to perform. And these can hardly be too definitely defined to save trouble afterward. If it is the rule of the institution that the President or principal, or both, or other individuals are to visit their classes and thus exercise a general supervision, it should be distinctly stated to them before they are engaged. They have a right, however, to expect no criticism which is unfavorable to their influence in the presence of pupils, or even of other instructors than those concerned in the subject to which such criticism pertains.

No one of the associate instructors should be a reporter of her associates to higher authority. If such authority can not ascertain the delinquency for itself, it should be left for time and chance to bring the matter to light. It is useless to plead the good of the greatest number as an excuse for such self-constituted surveillance. More harm than good is sure to result eventually from a course like this, however well it may appear to operate in particular instances.

Each instructor should aim to conduct the classes of his or her care with strict reference to thoroughness and the standard of merit which is agreed upon by the faculty. To make a vain show at some ultimate period should never enter into the calculation, though it is the duty to do as well in the presence of spectators as ordinarily, and as much better as the truth will permit. Never should the eye of the teacher be closed to such dereliction as purloining answers from the book in time of recitation, to whispered assistance, plagiarism, or other unworthy subterfuge. Various stimuli should be presented from time to time in order to refresh interest or awaken latent energy. Original illustrations are often serviceable in fastening the attention or elucidating what otherwise might be obscure; but great care should be had that these are appropriate and worthy of the subject and place. If they are too commonplace, they will only provoke ridicule. If they are so largely drawn as to seem improbable, they will be received as a clever or awkward caricature; besides it will be certain to subtract just so much from the respect due to a teacher, whose character for strict veracity ought to be unimpeachable.

These gratuitous illustrations, however, should not infringe upon more important business, unless they are indispensable to the understanding of the text of the lesson, but the rather should be saved for a separate exercise, as the

reading or delivering of a lecture, after which all the class should be encouraged to propose questions or offer apposite observations.

The art instructors should be such persons as are capable of giving their students much instruction beyond the ordinary methods of discharging the duties of this department. They should encourage their pupils to study nature as well as the models of the studio by faithful and devoted reference to her details which sustain relation to the work in hand. To kindle this pure and refining love for the original of all true art, descriptions written by the first masters of word-painting should be read in presence of the pupils, interspersed by relevant allusions to the defects of their own execution, and such other observations as the judgment of the teacher shall find suitable to the attainments of those before him. Design should be particularly encouraged by instruction, and it would be well if the foundation of the institution could afford some special patronage to this branch of art. Not less should drawing in perspective receive due attention. The grand object ever presented to the ambition of the art students should be to make real proficiency in the fundamental principles of art rather than to accomplish respectable copies of models selected with reference to pleasing the superficial observer. The lives and characters of those who have been most eminent in the history of art should be rendered familiar to the pupils, and whatever excellences or defects which therein appear, particularly indicated, not so much in order to make prominent artists as good students, who, if only desiring to become connoisseurs, should understand their work in some respectable degree. If art is worth studying at all it should be studied well enough to accomplish some culture of the taste, enough, at least, to prove valuable in many positions of practical life.

The instructors of music should also be selected with reference to their ability and willingness to bring along their pupils thoroughly rather than showily. Great faithfulness is necessary on the part of the teacher in order to insure punctuality and due attention to practice, without which the instruction of the best masters would prove of little use. In this department it is also desirable to employ intellectual stimuli, by instructing in the best principles of successful performance, and by suitable appeals to the emotions, that the execution be truly natural rather than artificial in effect.

As has been already intimated, a teacher should be provided for a college who is well capable of giving information in belles-letters, aside from all other instruction, properly pertaining to the

several recitations. This would include at least the higher classes in composition, and ought to exercise a most salutary influence upon the epistolary efforts of the pupils, which, indeed, too often disappoint the parents and friends. It is desirable that the principal should be able and qualified to attend to this department, for it generally requires the highest order of disciplinary tact in order to secure adequate success. In nothing are young ladies more reluctant to put forth effort than in the exercises which tax the creative faculties of the brain. They will copy, but to manufacture ideas is often formidable. Hence they require much of the best system of management.

Some provision should also be made for the right instruction of lady pupils in domestic art. If it is not practicable for them to be employed in such labor a portion of the day or week, this can be in part supplied by familiar lectures or conversations upon the details of housekeeping from some person who knows whereof she affirms. This would include the disbursement of funds or domestic economy, the management of domestics, reception of company, and the general conduct of the household, and this all in more than one grade of means. Encouragement should also be superadded for practice in common sewing, and no young lady should ever receive her diploma till she has proved that she can make some of her own garments as well as articles of table consumption. It signifies nothing whether her present prospects for future life are such as to give no warrant for an idea of being necessitated to engage in these concerns. In our land the waves of fortune are too fluctuating to be ever considered unmovable. Besides, the understanding of the affairs which are naturally the province of woman gives a higher tone to the character and a certain maturity of judgment which can result equally from no other order of experience.

The several instructors composing the faculty should meet at least once a week to report the condition of their classes, and consult respecting the interests of the institution. These meetings should be carried forward with direct reference to business rather than for pleasant association. It is the duty of the president to see that no time is consumed in irrelevant affairs. The lady teachers should bring thither no "work" but their class-books, that their attention be not insensibly diverted into unsuitable channels. "To every thing there is a season," and the season for ladies to knit, or net, or sew is not when the attention should be fully concentrated upon such important matters as come up before a faculty meeting.

No teacher should so forget what is due to

propriety and justice on such an occasion as to trespass upon the good-will of another, by any petty infringement upon that other's prerogative. In this case, as in every similar one, the plea of doing good is more than counterbalanced by the certain injury. An institution can not prosper unless its faculty live in perfect harmony, and when it is ascertained that any teacher has a disposition to "meddle" and to cause trouble generally—in plainer words, is politely quarrelsome—such teacher should be reminded by the president of the certainty of a dismissal in case of persistence in this tendency.

Neither should any teacher so far descend from the high standard of right as to communicate the least information from these meetings to the pupils, save in the instance of agreement to do so for some particular object, which is expected to be beneficial. If there is any matter to report before the assembled college the president or principal should take the responsibility of so doing, and this with the closest reference to the best good of all.

The literary element which usually takes on the form of a society as an appendage of a college ought never in an institution for women to be divided into separate bodies. Where there are two societies there is rivalry. Rivalry invariably produces much that is unprofitable. Young women need not be trained into those habits which so easily find root in the nature. It is alike the beauty and glory of woman to possess a meek and quiet spirit. This spirit may be easily cultivated, or the reverse when the mind is youthful and the will more pliable than in maturer years. Unlike their brothers they have no legitimate use for the ways and means of contest, and therefore have not necessity for preparing themselves for what there should be no occasion to exercise in after life.

Many other topics closely related to the class of institutions under notice we should mention were not the limits of our article already exceeded. And, trusting that the day will soon come when colleges for women will take equal rank with those for the other sex, for true adaptation to existing wants, we leave the subject to abler pens.

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EVERY man deeply engaged in business, if all regard to another state be not extinguished, must have the conviction if not the resolution of Valdesso, who, being asked whether he retired from the army in disgust, answered, "that he laid down his commission for no other reason than because there ought to be some time for sober reflection between the life of a soldier and his death."



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Scripture Cautel.

FALSE AND TRUE IN CHARACTER.—“*Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God. Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, and compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled.*” Isa. i, 10, 11.

### I. THE TRUE IN CHARACTER, THEIR DARKNESS AND THEIR RELIEF.

Three general thoughts are here suggested:

1. *The true have a distinctive principle and conduct.* All character is made up of principles and acts. The principle is “fear,” not of a crouching serf, but of a living child—filial reverence; the conduct is obeying the voice of his servant—Christ. Here is the true spirit and its true development. Piety may listen to the voice of philosophies and priesthoods, but obeys the voice of Christ: his whole life was a voice.

2. *The true have their seasons of darkness*—“walketh in darkness.” Jacob, Job, Asaph, Jeremiah. The cloud is not spread by a Divine hand over the heart, but rises from the corrupt elements of our moral nature. A dark day is not the sun’s fault; he shines in his own great orbit in November as in June; the darkness arises from the vapors of the earth. So with moral gloom—cause not in God, but in us.

3. *The true, in seasons of darkness, have a sure relief*—“they trust in the name of the Lord;” trust in two things—in his disposition and power to help—Christianity a proof of the former, the universe of the latter.

### II. THE LIGHTS OF THE FALSE, AND THEIR RUIN.

The false are described as walking in the light of their own fire and amid sparks of their own kindling.

1. *The false have their lights.* These lights are such as general custom—temporal expediency—corrupt religions—pseudo-philosophies. These lights are their guides and comforts in their relation to both worlds. They reject revelation, Christ, and redemption.

2. *The false will have their ruin.* “This shall ye have at my hand.” The “candle of the wicked shall be put out.” All their lamps, however luminous, shall be quenched in a midnight, without a ray of moon or star. Witness the destruction of the wicked, nations, individuals.

The subject is full of encouragement to the true in character. Walk on with bold and manly step, ye God-loving and Christ-following men! Ye true-hearted! strike courageously in the battle of life. Dark clouds may sweep the changing sky, eclipse the upper lights, and spread their gloomy shadows over these lower scenes. These clouds shall break in blessings and pass away. Heavenly orbs shall beam in brightness from

the clearest azure, and “the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold.” Wake up to thought, ye false ones, “that compass yourselves about with sparks.” These sparks may warm your sensuous nature, cheer your selfish hearts, and surround you with a dazzling luster just now. Fools and sycophants may pronounce their radiations *glory*; but there is a moral tempest brooding that shall extinguish all. One after another thy stars shall fall from heaven like “untimely figs,” till, with the last effort of expiring hope, thou shalt lift thine head above for the last time, and see—what? not a ray to relieve the pitch blackness of a night that shall never end!

LACK OF COMFORT IN SICKNESS.—“*Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*” Matt xxvii, 46.

Mr. Job Throgmorton, a Puritan divine, who was described by his cotemporaries as being “as holy and as choice a preacher as any in England,” is said to have lived thirty-seven years without any comfortable assurance as to his spiritual condition. When dying he addressed the venerable Mr. Dod in the following words, “What will you say of him who is going out of the world, and can find no comfort?” “What will you say of him,” replied Mr. Dod, “who, when he was going out of the world, found no comfort, but cried, ‘My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?’” This prompt reply administered consolation to the troubled spirit of his dying friend, who departed an hour after, rejoicing in the Lord.

THE CHRISTIAN’S CONFLICT WITH SATAN.—“*Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan.*” Matthew iv, 10.

The Rev. Joseph Alleine, having, shortly before his death, a conflict with Satan, said, “Away! thou foul fiend, thou enemy of all mankind, thou subtle sophister! Art thou come now to molest me, now I am just going—now I am so weak, and death upon me? Trouble me not, for I am none of thine! I am the Lord’s; Christ is mine, and I am his; his by covenant. I have sworn myself to be the Lord’s, and his I will be; therefore begone!” These last words he often repeated, “which,” says Mrs. Alleine, “I took much notice of, that his covenanting with God was the means he used to expel the devil and all his temptations.”

HOW CONSCIENCE IS BLINDED, OR STRAINING AT A GNAT.—“*Ye strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel.*” Matt. xxiii, 24.

A Neapolitan shepherd came in great anguish to his priest: “Father, have mercy on a miserable sinner! It

is the holy season of Lent; and while I was busy at work, some whey spurning from the cheese-press flew into my mouth, and, wretched man! I swallowed it. Free my distressed conscience from its agonies, by absolving me from my guilt!" "Have you no other sins to confess?" said his spiritual guide. "No; I do not know that I have committed any other." "There are," said the priest, "many robberies and murders from time to time committed on your mountains, and I have reason to believe you are one of the persons concerned in them." "Yes," he replied, "I am; but these are never accounted a crime: it is a thing practiced by us all, and there needs no confession on that account."

THEY THAT WILL BE RICH, FALL INTO TEMPTATION.—"They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare." 1 Tim. vi. 9.

Mr. Newton, of London, coming out of church on a Wednesday, a lady stopped him on the steps and said, "The ticket, of which I held a quarter, has drawn a prize of ten thousand pounds: I know you will congratulate me upon the occasion." "Madam," said he, "as for a friend under temptation, I will endeavor to pray for you."

AFRAID OF MY SINS.—"Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?" Psalm xlii. 5.

A friend, surprised at the serenity and cheerfulness which the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine possessed in the immediate view of death and eternity, put the question—"Sir, are you not afraid of your sins?" "Indeed no," was his answer; "ever since I knew Christ, I have

never thought highly of my frames and duties, nor am I slavishly afraid of my sins."

THE GUEST.—"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. iii. 20.

Speechless Sorrow sat with me;  
I was sighing wearily!  
Lamp and fire were out; the rain  
Wildly beat the window pane.  
In the dark we heard a knock,  
And a hand was on the lock;  
One in waiting spake to me,  
Saying sweetly,  
"I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp;  
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;  
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;  
Set the guest-chair in its place."  
And again I heard the knock;  
In the dark I found the lock—  
"Enter, I have turned the key!  
Enter, Stranger,  
Who art come to sup with me!"

Opening wide the door he came;  
But I could not speak his name;  
In the guest-chair took his place,  
But I could not see his face;  
When my cheerful fire was beaming,  
When my little lamp was gleaming,  
And the feast was spread for three,  
Lo! my Master  
Was the guest: that supped with me!

HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBAL.

## Notes and Queries.

TURN TO THE RIGHT.—I have often thought of the expression, "Turn to the right, as the law directs," and wondered why that, instead of *to the left*, ever became settled usage. If my thoughts are worth their room in "Notes and Queries," I freely give them.

Let me remark first, however, that for all the courtesies and conveniences of society, I think we turn on the *wrong* side. If you meet a friend and simply greet him with a *good morning*, it makes no difference which way you turn. But if you *shake hands*, the operation could certainly be performed freer and more gracefully if you should turn to the left. Especially would this be true if, at the same time, with the other hand you wished to raise or touch your hat. And would not this view of the awkwardness of turning to the right be doubly true if you were walking, or riding, with a lady—on your left of course? In *driving* who can not see the absurdity and inconvenience of *turning to the right*? The driver must sit on the right side to have his right—working—arm free. If he turn to the right, the wheels which he can not see are next to the carriage which he meets. If he would turn to the left, the meeting would be on the side which he occupies.

But to the query. Did it not have its origin in the age of chivalry or knight errantry? Men *rode armed*. An enemy, or a suspected or unknown person, would be

turned to the right, the side of offense or defense. In those days of lawlessness every man acted as his own protector against the encroachments of stranger or neighbor, and private strongholds and castles were common. In such times when men might excusably be on their guard against every body, to turn to the *right* would be a mark, not merely of kindly feeling, but of positive trust and confidence. How much greater confidence would be shown if a man, when in company with a lady, should turn to the right! In fact, we can hardly believe that this became a custom while it was a common thing for men to wear armor.

May we not also find a reason here for the custom which has grown into rule, that the gentleman shall take the right of the lady he accompanies? In meeting friend or stranger he would turn to the *left*, and thus come between her and any danger, real or imaginary.

TWIST.

[Our correspondent will find in the "Notes and Queries," published in the January number of the Repository for 1857, an article on this same subject. The origin of the custom is alluded to and an explanation offered.]

FOREKNOWLEDGE AND FREE WILL.—About a year since some one asked in the Repository whether God

foreknows all events. Afterward some one answered, claiming that he does—the acts of men as well as other occurrences. Now, we are here in a state of trial on the part of God as well as ourselves. How can there be a trial when the result is known before the trial commences? If God knew, before the creation of the world, what would be the fate of the millions who have inhabited it, how could they ever be in a state of trial? Will you, or some of your correspondents, answer?

INQUIRER.

**BESIDE: BESIDES.**—The literary world needs to be set right as to the use and meaning of these words; for ignorance has originated, and affectation or carelessness has rendered common a general misuse of the former word. The lexicographers have discharged their duty in the premises after the manner of a certain judge who thus instructed a jury: "Gentlemen, in order to render this case clear to your minds, it is proper for me to say that if you credit the witnesses A and B, you will perhaps render your verdict for the plaintiff; if, on the other hand, you incline to believe C and D, you may deem it more in conformity to your oaths to find for the defendant." A question of this sort is more readily disposed of by a reference to the meaning of the words. *Beside* means, primarily and precisely, *by the side of*, and is always a preposition. *Besides* means *in addition to*, in which sense it is also a preposition; and it means *more or moreover*, in which sense it is an adverb. There are some cumulative definitions, but these are the basis of all the others.

The common error consists in using *beside* as an adverb, a custom that has the appearance of an affected prettiness in composition, and has much the same effect on the nerves as the extreme use of the subjunctive in conversation: for instance, "If my friend Peter say that I did so and so, he is in error." The adverbial misuse of *beside* is on this wise: "I wish you to understand my orders, and, *beside*, I wish you to obey them;" "*beside*, I would have you remember so and so." In these and similar cases the writer or speaker means *moreover*, and ought, therefore, to use the adverb *besides*.

The distinction is made obvious by illustrations. *Beside* means "by the side of," and is a preposition:

"The lovely Thais sits beside thee."

*Besides*, when meaning "in addition to," is also a preposition:

"And *besides* all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed."

*Besides*, when meaning "moreover," is an adverb:

"Set you down this,

And say, *besides*, that in Aleppo once."

These illustrations are single specimens, but an intelligent writer will readily see the force of their application; and it is to be hoped that the use of *beside* as an adverb may be "reformed altogether."

**ORIGIN OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE.**—On the 22d day of July, 1755, Ephraim Williams, colonel, made a will, bequeathing certain lands for the establishment of a free school, to be erected west of Fort Massachusetts, on territory known then, or soon afterward, as West Hoosac. Colonel Williams was killed, the lands were sold, the free school was built, and to-day we find it grown up into the very worthy and useful institution known as

William College. It is not every town that starts with advantages like these. It is only at great distances from each other that towns are favored with a college. Williamstown is fortunate. Amherst is fortunate. Cambridge also. Also New Haven. In all these towns we naturally look for a high general standard of education, excellent morals, fine society, and a healthy literary atmosphere.

**A QUESTION FOR ALGEBRAISTS.**—Two Arabs had sat down to dinner, and were accosted by a stranger who requested to join their party, saying "that as he could not get provisions to buy in that part of the country, if they would admit him to eat only an equal share with themselves, he would willingly pay them for the whole." The frugal meal consisted of eight loaves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs, and three to the other. The stranger having eaten a third part, and each of the two Arabs a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying, "My friends, there is what I promised to give you; divide it between you according to your just rights." A dispute, of course, arose respecting a division of the money; but, reference being made to the Caliph Ali, he adjudged seven pieces of the money to the owner of the five loaves, and only one piece to him who had owned the three loaves. Yet the Caliph decided justly. How is this?

**HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.**—It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, now make breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and the West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost, on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.

**"PROOF SPIRIT."**—This term or name had its origin in an ancient custom of testing the quality of alcoholic liquors by means of gunpowder. The spirit to be tested was poured upon the powder in a vessel and then set on fire. If the powder took fire when the spirit was consumed, the term "over proof" was applied to the spirit or alcohol. But if so much water was present that the powder would not burn after the alcohol had been consumed, the liquor was deemed "under proof." The method now adopted is based upon the principle of specific gravity. The United States' standard being 0.930, lighter than this is *over proof*, and heavier *under proof*.

## Boys and Girls' Department.

### TRADES CARRIED ON BY BIRDS, BEASTS, AND INSECTS.—

"Please to tell me something to amuse me, uncle, will you? for I am so tired."

"But if you are so tired, Henry, what likelihood is there of your listening to me with attention?"

"O, I will not lose a word! I should never be tired of hearing you talk."

"Well, if I am to talk to amuse you, it must be something entertaining. Suppose I tell you about trades carried on by the lower creatures?"

"Trades! Why, how can they carry on a trade?"

"The otter and the heron are fishermen, though they neither make use of a line nor a net. It is not very often that we catch sight of the otter, for he carries on his trade, for the most part, under the water; but the heron is frequently seen standing with his long, thin legs in the shallow part of the river, suddenly plunging his lengthy bill below the surface and bringing up a fish. You can not deny that the heron and the otter are fishermen."

"No, that I can not; but never should I have thought of it had you not told me."

"And what other creature carries on any trade? Do you mean to say that beasts and birds, and such like carry on trade?"

"You shall hear. The fox is a dealer in poultry, and a wholesale dealer, too, as the farmers and the farmers' wives know to their cost."

"That is true, certainly."

"Not satisfied with chickens and ducklings, he must needs push on his trade among the full-grown cocks and hens; and many a fat goose is conveyed to his storehouse in the woods."

"Ants are day laborers, and very industrious too in their calling; they always seem in earnest at their work. Catch them asleep in the daytime if you can. They set us an example of industry."

"Ants freely work, without disguise;  
Their ways consider, and be wise."

"Go on, uncle; I am not half so tired as I was."

"You seem all attention certainly, Henry. The swallow is a fly-catcher; and the number that he catches in a day would quite astonish you. Often have you seen him skimming along the surface of the brook and the pond."

"Yes, that I have; and swallows are as busy as ants, I think."

"The beaver is a wood-cutter, a builder, and a mason; and is a good workman at all these trades. He cuts down the small trees with his teeth, and after he has built his house he plasters it skillfully with his tail."

"Well done, beaver! He seems to outdo all the rest."

"The wasp is a paper-maker, and he makes his paper out of materials that no other paper-maker would use. If ever you should examine a wasp's nest, you will find it all made of paper."

"How many curious things there are in the world that I never thought of!"

"Singing birds are musicians, and no other musician can equal them in harmony. Hardly can we decide which has the advantage—the lark, the black-bird, the thrush, the nightingale, or the mocking-bird:

"On the feathered wing they rove,  
And wake with harmony the grove."

"I am afraid that you are coming to an end."

"O, never fear. The fire-fly and the glow-worm are lamp-lighters. Fire-flies are seen in this country; they light up the air just as the glow-worms do the grassy and flowery banks in the country-places!"

"The bee is a professor of geometry, for he constructs his cells so scientifically, that the least possible amount of material is formed into the largest spaces with the least waste of room. Not all the mathematicians of Cambridge could improve the construction of his cells."

"The bee is much more clever than I thought he was."

"The caterpillar is a silk-spinner, and far before all other silk-spinners in creation. For the richest dresses that we see we are indebted to the silk-worm. With what wonderful properties has it pleased our Heavenly Father to endow the lower creatures!"

"I shall be made wiser to-day, uncle, than I have ever been before."

"The mole is an engineer, and forms a tunnel quite as well as if he had been instructed by an engineer. The nautilus is a navigator, hoisting and taking in his sails as he floats along the water, and casting anchor at pleasure."

"I should never have believed that any one could have made things so clearly."

"Let me finish then by observing that the jackal is a hunter, the hawk an expert bird-catcher, the leech an excellent surgeon, and the monkey the best rope-dancer in the world."

"Well done, uncle! you have amused me indeed. I could listen an hour longer without being tired."

"Whether you remember what I have told you or not about God's goodness to his lower creatures, you will do well not to forget his greater goodness to mankind, in his gift of reason—his gift of his Holy Spirit—his gift of his holy Word, and his gift of the Savior, by whom alone a sinner can be saved! And now, as you are learning all you can as a scholar, let me advise you to set up at once the calling of a schoolmaster, by teaching with humility and kindness those around you who may happen to know less than yourself."

We should be carrying on the calling of a schoolmaster, teaching others by precept and example—

"Without a rod or angry word,  
To love and glorify the Lord."

"WE SHALL BE CHANGED"—STORY OF A WORM.—On one of our Autumn days, during what we call our Indian Summer, when the beaver and the muskrat do their work on their Winter homes, when the birds seem to be getting ready to wing themselves away to milder climates, when the sun spreads a warm hue over all the fields, a little child went out into his father's home-lot. There he saw a little worm creeping toward a small bush. It was a rough, red, and ugly-looking thing. But he crept slowly and patiently along, as if he felt that he was a poor unsightly creature.

"Little worm," said the child, "where are you going?"

"I am going to that little bush yonder; and there I am going to weave my shroud and die. Nobody will be sorry, and that will be the end of me."

"No, no, little worm! My father says that you won't always die. He says you will be 'changed,' though I do not know what that means."

"Neither do I," says the worm. "But I know, for I feel that I am dying, and I must hasten and get ready; so goodbye, little child! We shall never meet again!"

The worm moves on, climbs up the bush and there weaves a sort of shroud all around himself. There it hangs on the bush, and the little creature dies. The child goes home and forgets all about it. The cold Winter comes, and there hangs the worm—frozen through and through—all dead and buried. Will it ever "live again?" Will it ever be changed? Who would think it?

The storms, the snows, and the cold of Winter go past. The warm, bright Spring returns, the buds swell, the bee begins to hum, and the grass to grow green and beautiful.



The little child walks out again with his father and says: "Father, on that little bush hangs the nest or house of a poor little worm. It must be dead now. But you said one day that such worms would be 'changed.' What did you mean? I do n't see any change!"

"I will show you in a few days," says the father.

He then carefully cuts off the small limb on which the worm hangs, and carries it home. It looks like a little brown ball, or cone, about as large as a robin's egg. The father hangs it up in the warm window of the south room, where the sun may shine on it. The child wonders what it all means! Sure enough, in a few days, hanging in the warm sun, the little tomb begins to swell, and then it burst open, and out it came, not the poor, unsightly worm that was buried in it, but a beautiful butterfly! How it spreads out its gorgeous wings! The little child comes into the room and clasps his hands and cries:

"O, it is changed! it is changed! The worm is 'changed' into a beautiful butterfly! O, father, how could it be done?"

"I do n't know, my child. I only know that the power of God did it. And here you see how and why we believe his promise that we all shall be raised from the dead! The Bible says, "It does not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be 'changed.'" And we know that God, who can change that poor little worm into that beautiful creature—no more to creep on the ground—can change us, our 'vile bodies,' and make them 'like Christ's own glorious body.' Does my little boy understand me?"

"Yes, father."

HE DID N'T THINK.—So said a little boy as he stood by the side of a mouse-trap which had an unwilling tenant in it. "What a fool he was to go in there," said some one. The little boy wished to protect the character of the trembling prisoner, and added, "Well, I suppose he did n't think."

No, "he did n't think," and for the very good reason that he was not made to think. But what shall we say of that boy who is standing in the circus door waiting for it to be opened, or that boy with his straggling hair, a pert twist to his cap, and a cigar in his mouth, or the one who stands at the corner of the streets on the Sabbath, or frequents the company of profane or filthy talkers and singers—what shall we say of such as these?

And what shall we say of him who tampers with the wine cup? Does he not think? With hundreds of human beings

around him, whom it has brought to degradation and misery, who were once ornaments to society and to their country, he can not help to see the consequence of his conduct, but *he will not think*.

They will be caught in an evil net. They will fall into a hidden trap, and can they say, "We did n't think!" Yes, perhaps they can. But if they would tell the whole truth, they will add, because *we would n't think*. They have eyes, but they see not, ears have they, but they hear not. Give a mouse their wit, and see if he will be caught in such a trap. Think! think of all this, and never plead as an excuse, "I did n't think."

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—An old schoolmaster said one day to a minister who had come to examine his school:

"I believe the children know the Catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it? that is the question," said the minister.

The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began.

A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment—"Honor thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it.

"Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefooted better than she could."

WHO ARE POLITE BOYS?—Being in the Dana Library one day, we observed many of the boys who came in politely remove their hats at the door. We then thought, as we saw the sweet smile on their faces, and heard their pleasant "good afternoon," these boys are well trained. They have been taught at home by their mothers that it is a mark of a well-bred boy to take off his hat before coming into the parlor. For a boy so instructed to forget the respect due on entering a parlor, an audience-room, or library, or any room while occupied, would be in his estimation violating one of the very first principles which go to constitute a gentleman. We know all good boys wish to grow up and be called gentlemen. Wear the badge, then, boys, pleasing your friends in the removal of your hats and caps previous to making your entrance either into a lecture or library-room, or any other public place.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

## Haystack Grainings.

I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, OR AN ANECDOTE OF JEFFERSON.—Mr. Stansbury relates the following anecdote, which may suggest a valuable lesson to those who are prone to overlook *practical* considerations in their schemes, whether secular or religious:

He had perched his country seat on a mountain height, commanding a magnificent prospect, but exposed to the sweep of wintry winds, and not very convenient of access. Not far from Monticello, and within the bounds of his estate, was a solitary and lofty hill, so situated as to be exposed to two currents of wind, coming up through valleys on different sides of it. Mr. Jefferson thought this would be an admirable position for a wind-mill; and having recently invented a model for a saw-mill, to be moved by vertical sails, he sent for an engineer, and submitted it to his judgment. The man of professional science examined the plan, and listened with profound attention and deference to Mr. Jefferson's explanations of it, and to his eloquent illustrations of the advantages it would secure; having heard him through, and being asked by the philosopher "what he thought of it?" he replied with great sincerity, that it was a most ingenious idea, and was decidedly the best plan for a saw-mill he had ever

seen. Jefferson was delighted, and forthwith entered into a written agreement for the erection of such a mill on the neighboring height. The work went bravely on; the inventor frequently mounting his horse and riding over to see how it proceeded. When the frame was up and the building approached its completion, the engineer rode over to Monticello to obtain a supply of money, and to get some directions about the saws. Jefferson kept him to dinner; and when the cloth was removed and wine set upon the table, he turned to his guest, and with an air of much satisfaction exclaimed:

"And so, Mr. —, you like my mill?"

"I do, sir, indeed, very much; it is certainly one of the greatest improvements in the construction of a saw-mill I ever witnessed."

"You think the sails are so hung that it can not fail to work well?"

"Certainly; it must work, it can't help it."

"And there 's always wind upon that hill; if it does not come up one valley, it is sure to come up the other; the hill is so high and steep that there is nothing to interrupt the full sweep of the wind, come which way it will. You think, then, on the whole, that the thing can not fail of complete success?"

"I should think so, sir, but for one thing."

"Ah! what 's that?"

"I have been wondering in my own mind how you are to get up your own legs."

Jefferson threw up his hands and eyes and exclaimed, "I never thought of that." The mill was abandoned, of course.

**ILLUSTRATION OF DIVINE WISDOM IN THE FOOT OF A HORSE.**—The most common things speak to us of God. Yet in how few of them do we recognize the displays they make of him:

The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom, and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's hoof? It is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone, fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves of horn, about five hundred in number, nicely fitted to each other, and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers belonging to what is called the "coffin bone," and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about four thousand; and all this is contrived not only for the easy conveyance of the horse's own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

**GOD'S CARE FOR HIS CHILDREN.**—We believe we are indebted to good Mr. Simeon for this beautiful illustration of God's care for his children:

Conceive of a child passing over rocks where there is scarcely room for his feet, and where the path is so slippery that it is hardly possible for him to stand, and where there are precipices on every side so steep and tremendous that a single false step must of necessity cause him to be dashed to pieces. Conceive of a father guiding his beloved child in all this way, "holding him by his right hand," that he may not fall; and raising him up if at any time he have fallen, and preserving him from all dangers to which he is exposed. Here you see our God with the soul that trusts in him. Not for one moment does he leave the trembling saint.

**NATURE VERSUS CUSTOM.**—The author of "Self-Formation" does not, without cause, read his philippic against custom as opposed to and thwarting nature:

The ordinary nature of the child is the corruption of the man. We are ruined, the most of us, spoiled to the heart's core, by being cradled, and swathed, and nursed up in the artifices of society, instead of being left awhile to the freedom of our will, and our own proper yearnings and aspirations. We are taken perforce from the bosom of our kind mother, Nature, and put out to a dry nurse—to the hard, hackneyed old hag, Worldly Custom. Hence, a wrong bias, a cravingness for ill food, a restlessness, a distortion, a perversion, a thorough depravity. Hence, to crown all, an early mannishness, and by sure consequence a late dwarfishness of mind. If the blossom be set, and the disposition be fixed over-soon, what have we for fruit but crabbedness, canker, and stuntedness? How shall the potter fashion forth a vessel of honor from the clay, if it be hardened ere it come to hand? It must be softened in indulgence before it can be strengthened for real service.

**SATURDAY NIGHT.**—We have read nothing happier or more beautifully expressed, for a long time, than the following. There is poetry and true genial feeling in it:

Saturday night! How the heart of the weary man rejoices, as, with his week's wages in his pocket, he hies him home to gather his little ones around him, and to draw consolation from his hearth-stone for the many hard hours he has toiled

to win his pittance! Saturday night! How the poor woman sighs for very relief as she realizes that again God has sent her time for rest! and though her rewards have been small, yet she is content to live on, for even her heart builds in the future a home where 't is always Saturday eve. How the care-worn man of business relaxes his brow, and closing his shop, saunters deliberately around to gather up a little gossip ere he goes quickly home to take a little rest! How softly the young man pronounces the word, for a bright-eyed maiden is in waiting, and this Saturday night shall be a blessed time for him! There will be low words spoken by the garden-gate, and there will be a pressure of hands, perhaps a pressure of lips—blessed Saturday night! To all Heaven has given a little leaven which works in the heart to stir up the gentle emotions, and Saturday night alone seems the meet and fitting time for dreaming gentle dreams. Blessed Saturday night! and we can but pray that through life we may bear with us the remembrance of its many holy hours, now gone into the far past; memories which every Saturday eve but recalls like a benediction pronounced by one loved and gone.

**SULLY AND LOUIS THIRTEENTH.**—When the Duke of Sully was called upon by Louis the Thirteenth to give his advice in some great emergency, he observed the favorites of the new king whispering to one another, and smiling at his plain and unfashionable appearance. "Whenever your Majesty's father," said the old warrior and statesman, "did me the honor to consult me, he ordered the buffoons of the court to retire into the antechamber." This severe reproof silenced the satellites, who instantly hid "their diminished heads."

**PETER THE GREAT AND THE VACANT SEE.**—A vacant see was to be supplied, and the synod observed to the Emperor, Peter the Great, that they had none but ignorant men to present to his Majesty. "Well, then," replied the Czar, "you have only to pitch on the most honest man: he will be worth two learned ones."

**THE CHILD IN A NAVAL ACTION.**—A child of one of the crew of his Majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United States vessel, Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon-ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat, when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you."

**FREDERIC MOUL AND HIS DYING WIFE.**—At the time when Frederic Moul was engaged in translating Libanius, a servant came to tell him that his wife, who had long been in a declining state, was very ill and wished to speak to him. "Stop a minute, stop a minute," said he, "I have but two sentences to finish, and then I will be with her directly." Another messenger came to announce that she was at the last gasp. "I have but two words to write," answered he, "and then I'll fly to her." A moment after word was brought to him that she had expired. "Alas! I am very sorry for it," exclaimed the tranquil husband, "she was the best wife in the world!" Having uttered this brief funeral oration, he went on with his work.

**REIGNING BY CANDLELIGHT.**—Among the addresses presented upon the accession of James the First, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his Majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the king to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son must reign by candlelight."

**VOITURE MEETING THE NOBLEMAN'S CHALLENGE.**—Voiture having satirized a nobleman who was powerful at court, the latter sought every occasion to revenge himself, and challenged Voiture to fight him with swords. "We are not equals," replied the poet; "you are very great, I am little; you are brave, I am cowardly; you wish to kill me—*ch bien*; I will consider myself as dead." This timely jest turned the anger of the nobleman into irrestrainable laughter, and they parted good friends.

## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**LONDON TWO CENTURIES AGO.**—The destruction of life, remarks the Registrar-General in the report he has just issued, like every thing else in London, is upon a scale of grandeur; if its dead of a single year could be brought to life, they would people a large city. Yet the rate of mortality in London is very different from what it was two hundred years since. From 1660 to 1680 out of 100,000 persons 357 died annually from small-pox; the deaths are now 42. The mortality then by fever and ague, scarlatina, quinsy, and croup was 759; it is now 227. A few (8) in the 100,000 die now of dysentery; then out of the same number 763 died annually of that disease; by diarrhea, however, a milder form of disease, 120 die now, 11 died then. Women are not yet exempt from peril in child-bearing; the mortality is 17, but it was then 86. Consumption and diseases of the breathing organs were very fatal; the deaths were 1,079, they are 611 now. Children were rapidly cut down; of convulsions and teething 1,175 died then, 136 now. Dropsy, a result and sign of scurvy and fever, was exceedingly fatal; 829 died then, 26 now. Scurvy and purpura bear testimony to the imperfect nutrition of the population; the annual deaths in 100,000 were 142 then, and are now 2. In addition London was then ravaged by the terrible "plague." The returns show, on the other hand, that apoplexy, epilepsy, affections of the brain, and suicide are more fatal now—151 now to 67 then; and of the violent deaths some are now more frequent, as the forces by which they are occasioned are greater. Poison is more accessible, fires are probably more common, and dresses more inflammable. But drowning and suffocation were then twice as fatal—23 and 10—as they are in the present day. The Registrar-General reminds us that the disease would revive if the same causes came again into action. The supply of food, and particularly of vegetables and fresh meat, was defective in the Winter, so that a large portion of the population became scorbutic. The houses were nearly as close and dirty as the houses now are in Constantinople and Cairo; the water supply was imperfect, and parasitic insects and diseases of the skin betrayed its impurity. The dirt of the houses struck foreigners. The sewers were defective, and the soil gave off marsh malaria in some parts, and in others was saturated with the filth of successive generations. One by one these evils have more or less disappeared, and along with this change step by step the health of London has improved. The nation, adds the Registrar-General, exults justly in the progress of its manufactures, but it is surpassed by the progress of the health of its capital; and further progress is in the hands of the people.

**THE OLDEST KNOWN TREE.**—The oldest tree in the world, the history of which is known, is the sacred fig-tree of Anarajapoura, in Ceylon. It was planted by King Devinipatissa in the year 288 B. C., and its history from that date is preserved by a mass of documentary and traditional evidence. It was described

by the Chinese traveler, Fa Hian, in the year 414, and by the earliest Europeans who visited it in about the same terms. It still flourishes, and is an object of worship to the Buddhists of the island.

**NEW ALLOY.**—A new alloy, composed of eight parts lead, fifteen parts bismuth, four parts tin, and three parts cadmium, has been discovered, which promises to be valuable for fine-art purposes. It is permanently silver white, and has a brilliant metallic luster.

**PARKS.**—The value of the parks in New York city is estimated at \$14,475,000. These parks cover 1,005 acres, while those in Paris cover 5,158, and those in London 6,172. The largest in the world is Windsor Park, near London, covering 3,500 acres; the next, Versailles Garden, Paris, covering 3,000 acres; the third, Richmond Park, near London, covering 2,250; the fourth, Bois de Boulogne, Paris, covering 2,128.

**THE ENGLISH MINT.**—Within the last ten years there have been coined at the English mint 48,911,848 sovereigns, 14,416,569 half-sovereigns, 466 crowns, 1,493 half-crowns, 15,633,372 florins, 23,025,506 shillings, 21,735,183 sixpences, 1,880,874 groats, 41,580 fourpences, 13,605,101 threepences, 47,520 silver twopennies, and 78,408 silver pence. The copper and bronze money coined has been 23,232,384 pence, 35,739,421 half-pence, 22,456,276 farthings, and 3,535,776 half-farthings.

**THE ASTOR LIBRARY.**—The Astor Library of New York city was increased by about six thousand volumes during the year 1860, at an expense of \$13,328. The library now contains in all about 116,000 volumes, and the number consulted during the last year was 59,516. The fund for maintaining the library is undiminished, and now amounts to \$190,000, safely invested.

**NURSERY IN ALGERIA.**—In 1832 a nursery was established in Algeria by the French Government as an experiment for the acclimation of plants, etc. It then consisted of twelve acres, but has since been increased to 130. M. Hardy, the director, has succeeded in introducing a very large number of exotic trees, shrubs, plants, and grains, which he has distributed through the colony to the value of \$300,000. Among them are campeachy-wood, the sugar-cane, the banana, and sorgho.

**CHINESE LOYALTY.**—A missionary, speaking of the Chinese rebellion, says he observed the remarkable and significant fact that as soon as the military occupation of the rebels is withdrawn from the provinces which they subjugate these provinces resume their loyal relations to the old government. If this be the fact, the rebellion must, of course, ere long die out. The rebels have as yet given no proof of that organizing capacity which is necessary to rebuild a new one on the ruins of an old government.

**A NEW REMEDY.**—Naturalists have just discovered in Fonta Djalon, on the western coast of Africa, a kind

of bean, by the natives called "gourou," which has the most astonishing effect in quieting the pangs of hunger, medicinally, not in bulk, which would be nothing strange. It is astringent, tonic, bitter when chewed dry, but sweet immediately on taking a mouthful of water, and preventive of colics.

**ANCIENT SKILLET.**—An ancient skillet made out of lava, and probably used in the mines several hundred years ago, was washed out of a hydraulic claim in California a few weeks ago. It is circular, has a spout, the bowl is an inch deep, and has three feet underneath, two and a half inches long, with a neatly-finished oval-shaped bottom.

**GERMAN POSTAL SERVICE.**—The number of letters posted in all Germany in 1860—the non-federal portion of Austria included—amounted to 348,000,000. Prussia, although containing but one-half of the inhabitants of Austria, contributed more than twice as many as the latter. The number of journals dispatched by the post was 158,000,000, an equal number being sold and forwarded by the booksellers. Of smaller parcels, 67,000,000 passed through the post.

**NEW PLANET.**—Another telescopic planet, the seventy-first, was discovered by the indefatigable Dr. Luther, at the Observatory of Dusseldorf, on the 13th of August. It has since been observed at other observatories; it was seen at Dresden on the 20th, and has received the name of Niobe.

**TELEGRAPHS.**—In Europe, where the needle telegraph is used extensively, it is found that the very close watching which is required to read from it has an injurious effect upon the eyes of the operators. The needle-telegraph is used principally in England; in France the Morse telegraph threatens to be displaced by the printing telegraph of Mr. Hughes and the Abbe Casselli, of Florence. Casselli's telegraph reproduces every thing, autographic handwriting, line-drawing, portraits and scenery. A man's handwriting is reproduced at the rate of eight to ten words per minute, and Morse's alphabet at the rate of sixty words per minute. This autograph method may be made of great use in sending by telegraph orders for money and other communications in which there is danger of forgery.

**YARN FELTING MACHINE.**—A machine has been invented in France for felting woolen yarn instead of spinning it. The Minister of Agriculture has reported in favor of it. Hitherto woolen yarn has been produced by a drawing out and twisting, which operation is necessary to give the yarn the strength required for weaving. This leaves the end of the fibers of the wool sticking out, while in the felting operation they do not, and consequently a cloth made of the felted yarn is much softer than one made of spun yarn. The process of felting by this machine is cheaper than spinning.

**PHOSPHORUS IN MAN.**—Mr. Jobard has published a theory that the diminution of phosphorus causes a diminution in the height of men. He says that if every man had absorbed as much phosphorus as he has burned he would be an inch taller. In the same journal he states that it is very strange that people will go on oiling the pistons of steam-engines, although he showed thirty years ago that the oil from the animalcules in water was sufficient for that purpose.

**WESLEYAN METHODISM IN 1861.**—The number of members in full connection and on trial in the British, the Irish, and the affiliated Conferences is exhibited in the following table. The aggregate, it will be seen, is now more than half a million:

CONFERENCES.	Members and Probationers.....	Ministers and Licentiates.....	Superintendents.....	Native Assistant Ministers.....
<b>I. British Conference:</b>				
Great Britain.....	343,053	1,146	177	.....
Ireland.....	21,492	113	26	.....
Ireland, Missionaries.....	2,498	24	.....	.....
Foreign Missions.....	69,871	441	18	25
<b>II. French Conference.....</b>	1,633	27	3	.....
<b>III. Australasian Conference.....</b>	41,621	159	9	28
<b>IV. Canada Conference.....</b>	53,564	412	64	.....
<b>V. Eastern British American Conference.....</b>	17,050	132	8	.....
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>553,782</b>	<b>2,445</b>	<b>305</b>	<b>53</b>

**COST OF FEEDING A CITY.**—The daily expense of feeding the city of Paris is estimated at 1,268,500f.—\$253,700—or a little over a franc a head; namely, bread, 275,000f.; vegetables, 200,000; beef, 208,000; veal, 19,000; mutton, 35,000; pork, 33,000; game, 25,500; fish, 18,000; sausages, 8,000; patés, 5,000; oysters, 4,500; eggs, 17,500; butter, 10,000; entremets, 50,000; cheese, 4,000; fruits, 12,000; wine, 250,000; liquors, 50,000; beer, 15,000.

**PRODUCTIONS OF THE WEST.**—Since the first day of May, on which day navigation on the Erie canal was opened, there has flowed eastward to West Troy a steady stream of grain, mostly wheat and corn, averaging one thousand bushels an hour, day and night, and this stream has poured out at tide water thirty-three millions of bushels up to the 7th of September! This includes the flour, calculated at five bushels to the barrel. This grain, ground, and bolted, and baked into bread, will feed 300,000 soldiers for seven years, giving them more than a pound of bread per day each.

**ANNIVERSARY OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.**—Next year is the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the Russian Empire. The occasion is to be celebrated with one of their grand national religious festivals, and the spectacle at St. Petersburg and Moscow will, no doubt, be very magnificent.

**CORN PAPER.**—The manufacture of paper from the leaves of Indian corn is becoming extensive in Austria. The paper is said to be tougher than any ordinary paper made from rags, while it is almost wholly free from silica, which makes paper produced from straw so brittle.

**DOMICILES IN GREAT BRITAIN.**—The number of houses in England and Wales in 1861, according to the late census, is 3,955,368, of which 3,745,463 are inhabited, 182,325 uninhabited, and 27,580 building. The inhabited houses in London number 362,890.

**POPULATION OF SWITZERLAND.**—According to the last census taken in Switzerland, the total population of the Confederation in December last was 2,534,422, of whom 2,204,280 were Swiss citizens, and the rest foreigners. In religion, 1,483,296 were Protestants, 1,040,169 Catholics, and the rest "Separatists," Jews, etc.



## Library Notes.

(1.) **LIFE AMONG THE CHINESE.** By Rev. R. S. Macley, M. A., *Missionary to China from the Methodist Episcopal Church.* New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 12mo. 400 pp.—A first-rate book, giving a correct and graphic account of Chinese customs and peculiarities from personal observation, and detailing the results of our missionary operations among the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire. After thirteen years' labor the author finds much to hope for, and sees new fields already ripening to an abundant harvest. We get a better insight into the Chinese character and a better knowledge of oriental life in these pages than in ampler and more elaborate works. It will largely repay perusal; it will quicken the Church to greater liberality in her missionary bounties, and supply new and suggestive themes for thoughtfulness and prayer.

(2.) **AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF REV. ALVIN TORRY, First Missionary to the Six Nations and the North-Western Tribes of British North America.** Auburn, New York: William J. Moses. 12mo. 358 pp.—The author was appointed in the year 1822 to labor among the Indian tribes in Upper Canada. The first mission was established on Grand River, and its history and results are given in this book. The style is simple and direct, and some of the chapters, besides the interest attached to the narrative, embody a large amount of useful information relative to the aboriginals of the Northern States and British America.

(3.) **THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR.** By the author of "Margaret Maitland," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. 405 pp. \$1.—The favor with which the previous works of the author have been received, the transparent style in which they are written, the life-likeness of their descriptions, and the correct morality of their teaching are all a voucher for the excellence of the present volume. We are assured by those who were personally acquainted with the writer in Edinburgh that her pictures of Scottish life and manners are faithfully drawn and skillfully executed.

(4.) **LATIN ACCIDENCE AND PRIMARY LESSON-BOOK.** By George W. Collard, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 12mo. 347 pp. \$1.—A neat and satisfactory exhibition of the principles of Latin etymology and syntax. There is a sufficient number of reading lessons and a vocabulary; but—what we regard as a serious omission—there are no exercises in translation from English into Latin. Pupils can make but little progress without beginning to translate from either language into the other at the very first. This is Ollendorff's system, and it has been approved by the judgment and experience of the best teachers.

(5.) **THE SILVER CORD.** By Shirley Brooks. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke

& Co. 8vo. 268 pp. \$1.—This tale has had a wide circulation in the pages of Harper's Magazine, from which it is reprinted. We do not consider the wood-cut illustrations any addition to the text.

(6.) **MINUTES.**—1. Ohio Conference, 1861—Bishop Janes, President; Joseph M. Trimble, Secretary. 2. Western Iowa Conference—Bishop Scott, President; E. M. H. Fleming, Secretary. 3. Central Ohio Conference—Bishop Ames, President; William G. Williams, Secretary. These are the *model Minutes* among our Conference publications, containing this year a new feature—a map of the Conference boundaries. The Detailed Missionary Report is printed in open column style, as it ought to be in all the Minutes. 4. Oregon Conference—C. S. Kingsley, President; William Roberts, Secretary. 5. Wisconsin Conference—Bishop Baker, President; Seth W. Ford, Secretary.

(7.) **ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF CINCINNATI.**—We are indebted to Dr. W. B. Davis for this valuable educational document. From it we learn that there are 18 district schools, comprising 278 teachers and 18,885 pupils; 4 intermediate schools, comprising 22 teachers and 1,149 pupils; and 2 high schools, with 10 teachers and 561 pupils. In gymnastics and calisthenics 3 teachers were employed; in music and penmanship 6. In the industrial school 2 teachers and 389 scholars; in the night schools 18 teachers and 1,580 scholars. The grand total makes 341 teachers and 22,479 scholars. Of the teachers 253 are females and 88 males. The entire expenditures for the year were \$291,640.12. The educational system of the city is thoroughly organized, and no effort is spared to make it efficient.

(8.) **BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for October.** The contents are as follows: 1. Democracy Teaching by Example. 2. Meditations on Dyspepsia. 3. Chronicles of Carlingford. 4. The Book-Hunter's Club. 5. Social Science. 6. What seems to be Happening just now with the Pope. 7. Among the Lochs. 8. Captain Clutterbeck's Champagne—A West Indian Reminiscence. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. George N. Lewis, Cincinnati.

(9.) **FORTY-FIFTH REPORT OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.** New York: American Bible Society.—The various styles and editions of the Bible and Testament which the Society issues now number over two hundred. Of these about one hundred are in English, twenty in German, ten in French, fifteen in Welsh, fourteen in Spanish and Portuguese, and the remainder are divided among Irish—or Erse—Gaelic, Russian, Danish, Swedish, Italian, Hungarian, Bohemian, Polish, Modern Greek, Dutch, Finnish, Chinese, Arabic, Syriac, Hebrew, Latin, Armenian, Indian and African languages, Hawaiian, and Bibles in raised characters for the use of the blind. Three dollars paid annually constitutes a member, and thirty dollars in one payment a member for life.

## Editor's Table.

**SOMES' SOUND.**—A bold and stormy coast-scene of Mount Desert appeared in our July number. We then gave an outline sketch of the island. In the present number we present another view, also engraved from an original painting by Mr. William Hart. The mountains on this island comprise thirteen peaks or grand elevations, ranging east and west. From their summits the grandest views are obtained. They comprise a broad expanse of the ocean, innumerable lesser islands, bays, harbors, friths, and lakes, together with a wide and distant range of inland scenery, waving forests, and villages and cultivated fields. The mountains are solid masses of coarse granite; but the bold and bald cliffs, the deep chasms, and the immense boulders scattered in wild confusion at their base, indicate the immensity of the force that caused their upheaval. In three instances, at least, they seem split down to their very base, at which they are separated in two instances by deep lakes, and in the third by an arm of the ocean which is thrust in between them. This last is the scene in our engraving.

The spectator is supposed to be at or near the head of "the sound," looking southward and toward the ocean. "Somes' village" does not appear in the picture, being shut out from our view by the rock and clump of trees at the left, if, indeed, it does not lie in that direction out of the range of view included in the picture. The outward passage toward the ocean is represented in the center of the picture. Beyond it the water is concealed from sight by the wooded point at the right.

If the reader has felt his way thus far, and would learn the outward passage to the ocean, let him range along in that clearly-defined curving valley, first westerly, then around the point of the low and long hill this side of the mountains till he takes a southern direction and passes between the mountains onward toward the ocean. The passage between the mountains is deep and narrow, not more than one quarter of a mile in width. On the west bank the mountain rises precipitously to a great height, and vessels of great draught can run up to the very bank on either side. So much for this singular arm of the ocean thrust in by old Neptune—splitting the mountains asunder.

Let the reader observe a point where part of the solid rock seems scooped out at the very apex of the mountain. It is on the east side of the Sound, and occupies about the center of the picture. This was one of the eight heliotrope points on the New England coast in the primary triangulation of the United States coast survey. In 1855 Lieutenant Totten, of the United States army, then assisting in the coast survey, erected a temporary tower so as to elevate the heliotrope fifty-six feet above the ground. Its ruins only remain now.

The coast view, to which we have already referred, was from the southern or ocean side of this mountain. Probably it was a dozen miles from the spot where the present view was penciled, and four or five from the heliotrope position upon the mountain top.

The reader will not be surprised with our familiarity with these localities and this scenery when we state that they are connected with the earliest recollections in our boyhood. We have clambered up the sides and stood upon the summits of all these mountains; we have sailed over all these waters, and fished along all these shores. Had the artist included a little more in the field of his vision on the right, we might have pointed the reader to the very spot upon which once stood the home of our childhood. And had he included yet a little more, we almost fancy we could have pointed out a marble monument erected to the memory of *the best of mothers*.

We can not close without bearing witness to the fidelity and skill with which the artist has transferred this scene to his canvas. Mr. Hart with several others of our most eminent landscape painters, have for several years past been accustomed to spend a good portion of their Summers amid the wild and beautiful scenes of this "paradise of the painters."

**ARTICLES ON FILE.**—*Prose.*—Letters to My Daughter; Methodism in the East Indies; Truth Stranger than Fiction; The Fir-Tree; Queen Renée, of France; Essay on Jests; Social Friction; How should We Live; Centenary Jubilee of Methodism; Many Books; Life; Myrtill; Guttentburg; Mary, the Mother of Jesus; Repentance; Lydia, of Thyatira; The Measure of Resistance; A Lesson for Hard Times; What Shall it Profit? Redeeming the Time; A Friend Indeed; God's Ways not Our Ways; Unwritten Music; The Weight of Glory; The Foolishness of Preaching; Immensity of the Works of the Deity; Bloodless Victories; Cant; Life, Death, and the Grave; Philip Embury and the Palatine Irish; Charity; Ivory, Animal, Vegetable, and Artificial; Province of Gloom in Literature; Family Religion; Our Boy; Truth; No Hell; Necessity of a Divine Revelation; Old Letters; Beauty; Christian Philosophy; The Power of Hope; Our Duties; The Seeker; The Worlds Beyond Us; A Wasted Life; Fauna and Flora; True Christianity an Active Principle; Pride of Ancestry; Purity of Thought; Fast and Slow Living; The Two Homes; The Prairie; The Beginning and the End; The Master of Hollow Farm; The Way of Safety.

*Poetry.*—Ye are Gone; Something to Love; Look Not Upon the Wine; The Child's Dream; Wine is a Mockery; Death Watch; Star of Love; Angelina; The Dawn of Spring; The Horseman and the Gipsy Girl; The Village on the Hill; The Red Rose; 'Mid My Joys; Way of Peace; Only Waiting; He is not Here; Longings; Come Unto Me; Summer Storm; Kalliston; Midsummer Dreamings; The Other Shore; On the Picture of an Ancient Ruin; Night-Blooming Flowers; The March of Life; Memory; Words of Cheer; Who Can Tell; Our Home; Morning Sunbeams; Dreaming; Charity.

**OUR CHURCH PERIODICALS.**—The time for the renewal of subscriptions and for getting new subscribers

to our periodicals is at hand. We subjoin a list of them:

1. *Methodist Quarterly Review*—Rev. D. D. Whedon, D. D., editor—\$2 per annum.
2. *Ladies' Repository*—Devoted to Literature and Religion—Rev. D. W. Clark, D. D., editor—\$2 per annum.
3. *Christian Advocate and Journal*, New York City—\$1.50—Rev. E. Thomson, D. D., LL. D., editor; Rev. Dr. W. P. Strickland, assistant editor.
4. *Western Christian Advocate*, Cincinnati—\$1.50—Rev. C. Kingsley, D. D., editor; Rev. Erwin House, assistant editor.
5. *Northern Christian Advocate*, Auburn, New York—\$1—Rev. I. S. Bingham, D. D., editor.
6. *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, Pittsburg, Penn.—\$1—Rev. S. H. Nesbitt, D. D., editor.
7. *North-Western Christian Advocate*, Chicago, Ill.—\$1.50—Rev. T. M. Eddy, D. D., editor.
8. *Central Christian Advocate*, St. Louis, Mo.—\$1.50—Rev. C. Elliott, D. D., LL. D., editor.
9. *California Christian Advocate*, San Francisco, California—\$5—Rev. E. Thomas, editor.
10. *Pacific Christian Advocate*, Salem, Oregon Territory—\$3—Rev. T. H. Pearne, editor.
11. *Zion's Herald*, Boston—\$1.50—Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., editor.
12. *Christian Apologist*—German—Cincinnati—\$1.25—Rev. W. Nast, D. D., editor.
13. *Sunday School Advocate*—25 cents for single copy; 20 cents in packages of ten or more copies—Rev. D. Wise, D. D., editor.
14. *Sunday School Bell*—German—Cincinnati—25 cts.

CIRCULAR OF THE PUBLISHERS.—This circular, which accompanies the present number, is worthy the attention of our readers. Read it, dear friends, and also read again the "Open Letter" in our November number. The next thing we shall look for will be your subscription—promptly and earnestly made.

THE FIVE POINTS MISSION IN NEW YORK CITY.—The public ought to know that the Rev. W. C. Van Meter has no connection whatever with this mission, nor has he had any such connection since two years ago last July. The Rev. A. K. Sanford, of the New York Conference, is the only agent authorized to make collections and receive donations for the mission, and all communications relating to it should be addressed to him. The Five Points Mission—on the site of the old brewery—was commenced by and has ever been under the direction of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city of New York. It has no connection with any other institution. The noble women who have founded this mission, toiled for it and watched over it so long, will not be unrewarded when our Heavenly Father shall say unto them, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

LETTER FROM REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D., TO THE EDITOR.—One of the saddest feelings that can come over our missionaries in foreign lands must be the apprehension that they are forgotten at home. Yet it is not

so. It can never be so. They live in the warm affections of the Church. Their names and labors become household words in our Sunday school mission meetings. Thus the hearts of the young and the old go out after them. These thoughts rush forth almost involuntarily as we transmit to our readers the following letter from our early college friend, now a missionary in China:

*My Dear Dr. Clark*—I have taken up my pen often to write you, but have as often laid it down again. It is a formidable thing for one who is not in the literary line to write for one of the first literary periodicals of the day. A little epistolary gossip from an old acquaintance will be interesting to yourself, and if you think it would interest any of your fair readers, you can let them peep over your shoulders while you read.

War, which has been dinning about our ears for the last three years, is now transferred over to your side. We are at peace with the Celestials and the Celestials with us. The proud provincial city, in whose suburbs we have labored for the last fourteen years, has now got a Christian chapel or two inside. Some nine or ten mission families of us jog on from year to year at a sufficiently-monotonous pace where there are neither railroads, nor telegraphs, nor newspapers, and only semi-monthly steamers and mails. It takes five and six months to exchange letters with home. We write about something in a terrible hurry or a terrible fury and forget all about it by the time the answer arrives, and wonder what in the world our correspondent is driving at. We write for thin clothes for Summer wear, and they arrive in December; we write for broadclothes, and they get here in June. One of the most painful things connected with our mail distance is, if one of our number dies, letters continue to arrive for that individual for six months after his or her decease.

It is difficult to form any true conception of a place you have never seen. A mist envelops our ideas like that which clouds the thoughts of the mind. Only actual observation dispels the visionary and erroneous and gives us substantial, daylight realities. Pictorials are extending our knowledge of things, and photographs promise to give us panoramas of all creation. I wish I could send you a mile of the river Min, recently taken by a traveling photographer. You would regret that you could not transfer it bodily to your landscape department. The natives often ask us if we have blue skies, and green hills, and rivers, and seas, and flowers on our side of the world. It makes us homesick to answer in the affirmative, and for the moment we feel that we would give the world to exchange the everlasting green and bloom of the tropics for snow-clad hills, ice-bound streams, and naked branches against wintry skies. We are surrounded by scenery of surpassing loveliness. One does not go a mile in one of these sunny regions of the sunny south without thinking of Heber's truthful lines,

"Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."

I wish you could step aboard a native boat and go up the river with me. You need not start back with your foot on the gunwale as you discover our four oar-pullers to be in pretty much the state in which Adam was when fig-leaf aprons were "all the go." Even ladies cease to be shocked by that which they are obliged to get used to. Sit down out of the blazing sun under this canopy in the center, made of interlaced bamboo and palm-leaves. It is impervious to showers, and we can shut it all down before and behind and sleep under it if we get caught out at night. It is better than the best tent you ever saw at a camp meeting. Over backside there—in the stern—just by the holmsman, is a huge furnace, with a great iron pan in which our crew boil their rice, and greens, and stale fish. Down between decks, just back of our seat, is the cabin of the captain and his wife, two and a half feet by six! They were married last Spring. Her trowsers reach to her knees. She has a "calf" like an elephant, and she rows, and steers, and poles, and tracks, like a canal horse, with the stoutest man on board. Her feet

have never known the luxury of shoes and stockings, and her only ornament is a huge silver horn sprouting from her well-greased hair. We shall spin along merrily if there is wind. It is hard laboring against the swift current if there is not. Twenty miles of stream, and bank, and mountain, and vale, and we haul up at a sand-bank, lower the sail, and step ashore. A few "sanpans"—native boats—lie above and below, and a few boat-bred chickens and pigs are exercising their limbs on the sand, feeling almost as awkward on the ground as other pigs and chickens do on boat-board, watched by urchins entirely naked, who, if close to you, will salute you respectfully, but if beyond stone's-throw will be very likely to fling after you the choice epithets, "monkey," "devil," "barbarian," and the like.

Five minutes' walk across the sands—you have lived by the sea-shore—and we rise to the level plain, rich, loamy alluvion, studded with ancient trees, and every foot under the most diligent cultivation, and teeming with rich crops of pleasing variety. Now we are at a narrow creek, crossed by a little wooden foot-bridge, alternately dry and swollen to the brim by heavy rains, like its relatives in prairie lands. Then a straggling village, rickety hovels, barking dogs, and impudent boys. Then we cross a rice flat or broad meadow by a narrow path that winds to all points of the compass, and anon we are approaching our destination, another straggling hamlet lying just this side the base of those tree-crowned hills in the rear, which roll away, wave above wave, into towering mountains, skirting in all directions the distant horizon. Here is the house we are to stop at, approached by a lane bordered with bamboo palings and vegetable gardens. The house is one story—a center building with two wings. Turn to the left; this is parsonage and chapel, parlor, and bed, and eating-room, all one—ten feet by fifteen—loosely boarded to the height of six feet from the ground, because the Spring floods stand at that height here every season, and plastered the rest of the way up with yellow mud. The floor is the ground, the ceiling is of the most approved gothic fashion, having rafters and ridge pole—the whole as black as a smoke-house, and poorer every way than any second-rate stable in Christendom.

Yet here we are to introduce you to a dozen Christians, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, ready with a warm welcome. This old gentleman, with a long pipe and short one, is offering you a single pinch of fine-shaved, weak tobacco, and asking you to smoke about two whiffs. There is another after you with a bowl of very hot but very weak tea, or tea-water, as Madame Ida Pfeiffer calls it, which some one will offer you every five minutes during your stay. However thirsty himself, a polite Chinaman does not drink without offering it to every body in the room first. This half-grown lad, naked to the loins, is doing etiquette by asking after your name, how old you are, whether you are married yet. The rest are speculating on your eyes, hair, buttons, and corporeity. You, my dear Mr. Editor, would pass for a mandarin if you are as rotund as you used to be; but your name—how they would barbarize "Clark" into "Kee-lah-kee," and the title "doctor" they would give up in despair. Supper is ready—boiled rice in dingy bowls, and sticks to eat it with. How the natives shovel in burning hot masses of this simple food, and jabber all the while with their mouths full! We will not expose ourselves to ridicule by imitating them. Let us try some cold fowl, or sandwich, or bread and butter which our careful wife has stowed into this two-story picnic basket. No lack of stores. Here are cakes and a pie, and jams enough to create a dyspepsia, and fruit enough, if injudiciously taken in this hot weather, to provoke its opposite; rosy apples, rather small, but good flavored; peaches, mellow and tolerably juicy; grapes, glorious clusters, but rather undersized; lichies—which you never saw—so luscious that if they had been the forbidden fruit Eve would not have been half so much to blame for taking it; water-melons, if you like, blushing carnation red from the seedy center to the thin green rind, but another illustration of the deceitfulness of appearances. They are tolerably juicy, but utterly wanting in the delicious sweetness of our home melon. Here are good-sized plums, but solid as rocks. None but school-boys

could eat them. The Chinese gather them before they are ripe. I saw some natives making plum brandy the other day.

But where are we to sleep? Why, on those boards in that corner, and the preacher will sleep with another brother on these boards in this corner, and one or two others will possess themselves of a third corner, and we shall be as crowded as a canal boat full of Irish. Then the brethren will keep up this talking and smoking and smoking and talking as if they were a set of college seniors smoking out a freshman, or as if they were trying to convert us all into bacon. When all have retired they will shut every door and window and light a bonfire of furze in the center of the room to drive out the musketoes, and ten to one they drive you out—sleep is impossible. If you survive this smoking-out process, which somebody repeats every half hour, you feel as if you had lost a stone or two of weight, and yet that the remaining mass weighed a stone or two heavier than it did the night before. But it is Sunday now, and we must address ourselves to worship. What singing! But I described it to you in my last. The praying is better. I follow with a sermon on Christ's choice of his disciples, with their names and characters; then an elderly brother from the city exhorts; then a young brother expounds "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," etc.; then the "preacher in charge" closes with a fourth discourse, when we wind up with a class meeting after a session almost as long as some we read of in the old Scotch kirks. These simple-minded people readily learn and readily understand the simple teachings of Christianity.

This is our third country appointment. If we had time we might climb yonder towering mountain and find Christian inquirers among the scattered peasantry who hang their cabins on its shelving cliffs just under the clouds. But enough in this direction. A curious Chinaman is looking over my shoulder, admiring the velocity with which my pen travels across the paper, and wondering whether you or your more patient compositor will ever be able to make sense out of such a mass of crow tracks. He is a native doctor, somewhat of a bore in his admiration of foreigners, and has come to prefer a most curious request. He wants to get acquainted with an English gentleman, belonging to the custom house, and asks the loan of my dining-room and its furniture to give the man a dinner in! I tell him the gentleman and I have never exchanged calls, he has not himself called on the man whose friendship he wishes to secure, and that according to our etiquette the whole arrangement is out of order. It is all right—a *la Chinois*. The doctor would not only borrow my dining-room, but would think it no harm to put himself into my Sunday suit to receive his guests in. A Chinaman can always appear well dressed if he has obliging neighbors, or he can go to a pawnbroker and hire a suit for an occasion.

But why do I protract this rambling letter? Its items will be tame enough to daily readers of war paragraphs, and perhaps by the time it reaches you the secessionists will have bombarded the "Queen City," and blown up your sanctum, and sent your editorial chair to the moon, where it will be scrutinized by a special committee on aerolites, and placed among the collections of the museum of their great national university, though it is doubtful if the most sagacious Lunarians will ever suspect the use to which it was put in these lower regions. I fancy ours is the only planet in the universe that has any use for editors.

I must close. It is blazing hot, and perspiration streams more freely than ink. How I would like to send a cargo of pith hats for our gallant volunteers to wear among the cane-brakes! Sun-strokes, fevers, and dysenteries will be more deadly than secession bullets. We never venture out here at midday without umbrellas, and ships in harbor are enveloped in awnings from stem to stern. You would be amused to see the clerical dignity of the entire mission arrayed in white just like waiters in a city hotel. You would be still more amused to see army and navy officers buttoned up to the chin in blue broadcloth dancing with tropical belles with the thermometer at ninety-five. But I must close lest I cause you to perspire in October with the effort of reading my rambling chirography and more rambling remarks.



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THE  
LADIES'  
REPOSITORY  
DEVOTED TO  
LITERATURE & RELIGION.



REV. D. W. CLARK, D. D., EDITOR.

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# HOMES FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS!

IN THE  
GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.



## THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY HAVE FOR SALE 1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS, In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

### MECHANICS, FARMERS, AND WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

### ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them by proper energy, perseverance, and industry to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families with, comparatively speaking, very little capital.

### LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce these two great staples, Corn and Wheat, as the Prairies of Illinois.

### THE SOUTHERN PART

of the State lies within the zone of the cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of tobacco and hemp, and the wheat is worth from fifteen to twenty cents more per bushel than that raised further north.

### RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep, rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

### EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

### APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus the capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanical arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing pursuits.

### RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over \$100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railways of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses, the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must, consequently, every day decrease.

### THE STATE DEBT.

The State Debt is only \$10,106,338.14, and within the last three years has been reduced \$2,959,746.81, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment can be had on application to

**J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner, Chicago, Illinois.**

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 188, 189, 190 APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

### PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population, 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

### AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1880 approached 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

### FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

No where can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep, rich loam, the fertility of which is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

### TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854 the Company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through these lands at an expense of \$30,000,000. In 1850 the population of the forty-nine counties through which it passes was only 335,598, since which 479,293 have been added, making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

### EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 6,000,000 bushels of grain and 250,000 barrels of flour, were forwarded over the line last year.

### EDUCATION.

Mechanics and working men will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and school-house, and grow with the prosperity of the leading State in the great western empire.

### PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from \$6 to \$25 per acre according to location, quality, etc. First-class farming lands sell for about \$10 or \$12 per acre, and the relative expense of subdividing prairie land as compared with wood lands is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

### One Year's Interest in advance,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five, and six years from date of sale, and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six, and seven years from date of sale, the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

### Twenty Per Cent. will be deducted

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

# DR. BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA,

For the Cure of Pain, both Externally and Internally.

**GREATEST PAIN-CURING REMEDY YET DISCOVERED!**

Pain can not long exist where this Remedy is Faithfully Used.

**FOR PAIN IN THE STOMACH, BACK, AND BOWELS,**

**BURNS, BRUISES, CUTS, AND SWELLINGS; COLIC, DIARRHEA, AND  
RHEUMATISM, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, AND EARACHE.**

**IT CURES ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY.**

## **CHRONIC DISEASES,**

SUCH AS

**DYSPEPSIA, WEAK BREAST, LIVER COMPLAINT, GENERAL DEBILITY, CANKER  
OR SORE MOUTH, PUTRID OR SORE THROAT, WEAK EYES, SPINE  
AND KIDNEY DISEASE, OLD SORES, COUGHS, AND COLDS.**

In the above-named Diseases it needs only to be faithfully used, and a Cure is Certain!

ALL Orders should be addressed to

**A. L. SCOVILL & CO.,**

No. 12 West Eighth-Street, CINCINNATI, opposite Methodist Book Concern.

**SOLD ALSO BY ALL RESPONSIBLE DRUGGISTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.**

## **CIRCASSIAN HAIR OIL.**

It is one of the finest Articles in the World for the Toilet, producing a luxuriant Growth, and rendering the Hair soft and glossy, prevents the Hair from falling out, and removes the Dandruff.

It also causes the young Hair to grow, by invigorating the Skin, Nerves, and Blood-Vessels which supply the Roots of the Hair with Nutriment and Life.

**A Chemical Analysis of the Hair** shows it to be composed of iron, lime, manganese, sulphur, silica, and oil. It consists of two distinct parts; namely, an external tube and an internal pith. The pith contains coloring matter, supplied by nature, and in each hair is a nerve and blood-vessel. This nerve and blood-vessel are its life, and when they cease to secrete nutriment, which supplies the internal pith, then the pith commences to shrivel, till its life becomes extinct. The hair then turns gray, or comes out.

The scalp is composed of three layers—the first, an external membrane, which is called the cuticle; the second, the cellular membrane; the third, the cutis. In this last-named layer is imbedded the root in a bulb.

The nerve is not unfrequently paralyzed and the coloring matter destroyed by sudden grief and terror, both of which have been known to produce this effect in a single night. Fevers, headaches, neuralgia, and all kinds of mental anxiety or excessive thinking, inflammation or congestion of the brain, indeed, whatever tends to deaden the vitality of the scalp, contributes also to produce like effects upon the hair.

**It shrivels and turns gray inevitably,** unless something be done to maintain life in the scalp and furnish nourishment to its covering. Professional men, merchants, and others, who exercise the mental faculties more than the physical, are infinitely more liable to the diseases named than those who labor bodily for a living. And hence it is that the "gray head" is so much more frequent among the former than among the latter.

Women who suffer much from headache, fevers, or from confinement, are also liable to premature grayness of the hair, and to its loss; while those not thus afflicted, frequently carry its native color with them into extreme old age.

**Our Creator evidently designed the hair to protect the health,** as well as to beautify the person. And yet no mere personal duty is more neglected than that which pertains to cultivating and caring for it. The consequence of this neglect is felt by both the old and the young. Little or no attention is paid to children in this respect; in nine cases out of ten, dandruff is permitted to collect around its roots, and close up the pores which Nature designed for use of her own. The growth, therefore, of the hair is retarded, and instead of becoming what it was designed to be, luxuriant and beautiful, it is flaxy and deadened.

**A fine head of hair is universally admired,** and yet how little is done to promote its beauty and growth! Matters of less consequence arrest attention, while this is little heeded, or if heeded, seemingly to no purpose. Why is it? To the young it is every thing; to the old, also, it may be.

**FOR TESTIMONIALS SEE PAMPHLET AROUND THE BOTTLE.**

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## ~CONSUMPTION!~

**T**HAT FELL DESTROYER, WHICH HAS BROKEN UP SO MANY HAPPY FAMILIES AND severed so many dear ties, is **abroad in the land**. The hectic flush, the racking cough, the rapid decline, and at last the funeral cortege, are too familiar in every household. As soon as a loved one is attacked with symptoms of this **Great Destroyer**, the friends are all seized with despondency and give up **All Hope**. But it is now a well-settled fact that **CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED!** Skill and experience have prevailed in the battle for life, and the Hydra of **Disease** is **Conquered**. The experience of the past five years has shown in numberless instances which are well attested by the parties themselves and their friends, that

## DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS

Is the only unfailing remedy for this terrible scourge of the human race. It has given hope when physicians have pronounced all hope gone. A single dose will often give relief, and will cure even the most harassing cough in a few hours' time if its use is persevered in. We repeat it—good news for the afflicted—

### DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM WILL CURE CONSUMPTION!

**ALSO—BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, SPITTING OF BLOOD, HOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, PHTHISIC, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.**

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS have given their certificate, that they would have been in the grave—humanly speaking—had they not used this great remedy.

The readers of the Repository have been made familiar, from time to time, with the virtues of this invaluable remedy. But that we may show a reason for the hope that we have for the victims of this terrible disease, we subjoin a few more recent certificates from parties whose **Lives have been Saved** by the use of this medicine.

### CERTIFICATES.

ROME, ONEIDA CO., N. Y., MAY 23, 1860.  
*The Balsam has produced recently one of the most remarkable cures we have ever witnessed in this section. It is that of a young lady who has been suffering from lung complaint for the last year or two, and has been under the treatment of some of the best physicians in New York City, and by them pronounced incurable. By their advice recently she came up into the country among her relatives, where she could be properly nursed, not expecting to live but a few weeks or months at the most, suffering as she was from constant coughs, night-sweats, and all the unpleasant symptoms attending confirmed consumption. One of her friends noticing your advertisement, procured for us a bottle of the Balsam, with expectation only of giving a little temporary relief, without any hope of its effecting a permanent cure. After using half of the bottle she found the effect exactly as described in your pamphlet. Her cough began to disappear. She commenced gaining in flesh; and by the time she had completed the second bottle, she pronounced herself nearly well. She was recently in our store for the purpose of procuring a bottle of the Balsam to send to a friend of hers, and appeared to be enjoying good health! She is extremely grateful, and says she is anxious that the whole world should know of the curative properties of "Hall's Balsam," as she considers that it has been instrumental in saving her life!*  
 Yours, truly,

KINNEY & GREENE.

METZ, STEUBEN COUNTY, INDIANA, JULY 14, 1860.  
 DR. SCOVILL—Dear Sir,—In November last, I was taken with a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I had a HARASSING COUGH, so that I was hardly able to leave my bed for several days. My friends began to be alarmed about me; they persuaded me to try your HALL'S BALSAM. I purchased a bottle of your agent, N. Pettit, of Metz, and by the use of two bottles I am well.

I would recommend to all those afflicted with coughs, colds, or any lung diseases, your HALL'S BALSAM. I believe if taken in time it will cure coughs, colds, and prevent that dreaded disease, CONSUMPTION!  
 C. STALEY.

ASHLAND, WABASH CO., IA., MARCH 10, 1860.  
 MESSRS. A. L. SCOVILL & Co.—Gents,—When I first received your medicine to sell several years since, I had been troubled with a severe pain in my breast for about twelve years, and had tried almost all kinds of medicine, but received no benefit therefrom. The reputation your Balsam had for similar and like diseases, induced me to give it a trial. I used only two bottles, and found entire relief! Money could not purchase the benefit I received from Hall's Balsam for the lungs, the greatest known remedy for lung diseases. I have been out of business for some time, so you will see this is no "puff" to put money in my pocket.  
 CHAS. SAILORS.

N. B. Mr. Sailors is one of the leading members of the Baptist Church, and entire confidence can be relied upon his statement.

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# DR. MOTT'S VEGETABLE LIVER PILLS.

PROVIDENCE has wisely created us with important and essential organs, which, in health, keep up a constant secretion of the fluids, and carry off from the body, through the bowels, kidneys, and by insensible perspiration through the pores of the skin, all **Humors of the Blood**. If those organs fail to secrete their allotted proportion, the body will become diseased and unhealthy. If the stomach be overloaded, or improper food taken into it, which can not be digested, or if the system is exposed to cold or impure air, and is overtaxed and exhausted by overwork, or employed in a business which does not bring the whole system into exercise, such as sewing, etc., the organs **WILL BECOME DISEASED**, and fail to perform their proper functions.

## A POISONOUS HUMOR THUS ACCUMULATES IN THE BLOOD,

and is thrown into the system, producing disease. **The Liver**, when it becomes diseased, secrete sim-pure bile, and thus disorders the stomach, rendering it unable to digest the food, which is carried into the bowels, and produces constipation.

### THIS IMPURE BILE OF THE LIVER,

in deranging the digestive organs and bowels, creates unhealthy humors, which cause a torpid action of the kidneys, as indicated by the color and quantity of the urine. The pores of the skin become clogged, and the insensible perspiration is either wholly or partially checked, and the skin becomes dry and feverish. The system is so accurately organized, that one part can not become diseased without disorganizing the whole. It is like a perfect piece of machinery—if one wheel has become defective, it must be repaired before the machinery will do the requisite work.

### THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS

are connected with the nerves, and the nerves extend to all parts of the body—so that one part of the body becoming diseased, other parts will sympathize with it.

For instance, if you have the **Dyspepsia**, the **Liver** will sympathize with the stomach, and become more or less diseased. If the action of the **Liver** becomes deranged, then the bowels will take on disease. If the **Digestive Organs** are diseased, then the nerves, which are connected with the stomach, will also become diseased, and hence the immense number of distressing maladies may be traced to this cause. **Nervous Headache, Lowness of Spirits, Imaginary Fears, Unrefreshing Sleep, Fretfulness**, and many other forms of disease are caused by this indigestion of the stomach.

Also the secretions of the skin, which carry off the humor by perspiration, will become thick or checked, and the kidneys will also become inactive, and fail to secrete the proper amount of urine. The accumulated impurities, or **POISONOUS HUMORS**, must find vent in some form or other, and will generally go to that part of the body which is the most susceptible, or that is the weakest or most predisposed to disease.

Thus we often find different families predisposed to different diseases, of which some are considered hereditary. **These humors, collected in the system**, occasion such diseases as

**Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Fever of all Kinds, Jaundice, Costiveness, Pain in the Stomach, Side, Head, Back, and Bowels; Bilious Complaints, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Scrofula, Scald Head, Rheumatism, Colic, Pleurisy, Pimples and Sores on the Skin, Palpitation of the Heart, Lowness of Spirits, Pain or Weakness of the Breast, Diseases of Spine and Kidneys, Sore Eyes, Diarrhea or Dysentery, Cold, Diseases of the Lungs, etc.**

Most of the above-named diseases may be prevented by taking **Dr. Mott's Vegetable Liver Pills** in season, or when the **LIVER** becomes first deranged, which carry off, through the bowels and the secretions of the **SKIN** and **KIDNEYS**, those **POISONOUS HUMORS** that clog the stomach, bowels, and skin, and become accumulated in the **BLOOD**. There has been as great a progress in science, and especially in that of medicine, within the past few years, as there has in the arts. While the *Telegraph*, the *Locomotive*, and the *Railroad* have been maturing, the *Chemist* also has been at work, discovering and extracting medicinal qualities from *Roots, Plants, and Herbs*. To such perfection have they brought this science, that the medicinal properties are **CONDENSED** and **CONCENTRATED** into the resins or salts of the plant, which they **EXTRACT** from it, and leave the inert or woody matter. The old mode of extracting these medicinal properties, by boiling for a long time in water, is found, in most cases, to render the medicinal qualities wholly inert, or even decomposing them.

**Dr. Mott's Vegetable Liver Pills** are composed entirely of chemical vegetable extracts, mostly from plants growing in our own country; some of these plants have a direct action on the **LIVER**, others upon the **SKIN**, others on the **KIDNEYS**, and others upon the **BOWELS** and **LUNGS**. It is by a **PECULIAR CHEMICAL COMBINATION** of all **THESE EXTRACTS** that these Pills are made, possessing the most extraordinary efficacy for curing the above-named diseases.

In **Chronic Diseases**, or diseases of long standing, such as **Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Constipation of the Bowels, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Gout, Scald Head, Barber's Itch, Sore Eyes, Pimples on the Skin, and old Sores**, the treatment with the Pills should be continued for a longer time than with less stubborn diseases.

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## HEALTH, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS

ARE the great pursuits of man. Else why would thousands desert their humble cots, and brave danger, strife, and labor to obtain the great boon they strive for? But how few understand the secret of life! HEALTH leads to wealth, and health and wealth lead to happiness. It is in vain to amass riches, it is idle to gather treasures, where HEALTH, the great boon of nature, is denied. Many who have lost health seek a restoration of this greatest of all blessings in travelling from place to place; many visit expensive watering-places; many cross the ocean, and brave its dangers and its storms in vain; while perseverance in the use of a few simple remedies at home would unquestionably restore them far more easily and surely. In cases of sickness THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME. The care of friends and the use of simple and effectual medicines that are known to contain no deleterious components, and that are invariably successful in their application to diseases for which they are designed, is much the most sensible manner of treating the sick.

## SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP

HAS NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO FAIL IN ITS ACTION ON ALL DISEASES WHERE  
THE LIVER IS AFFECTED.

Thousands who have been treated by the most eminent physicians, and whose diseases were considered by them as incurable, have CURED THEMSELVES by the use of this INVALUABLE REMEDY and a simple and nutritious diet.

### Confirmed Scrofula and Other Diseases of the Blood

Have been totally eradicated from the system, and the patient restored to perfect health by the BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP in an incredibly short time.

The Syrup removes from the blood the poisonous principle of the disease, and promotes the healthy action of the LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND SKIN—thus purifying the Blood and restoring the system to its natural condition.

Its success has been so great that it has conquered the PREJUDICES OF THE PROFESSION, and is now extensively used by the most eminent physicians in treating the most AGGRAVATED CASES, where all other remedies have failed.

### READ THEIR TESTIMONY!

DR. R. S. NEWTON, of CINCINNATI, PROFESSOR IN THE MEDICAL COLLEGE, states that he has used SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP extensively in his practice in most difficult and hopeless cases with ENTIRE SUCCESS, and believes it to be the most VALUABLE PREPARATION FOR CLEANSING THE BLOOD AND RESTORING THE SYSTEM that he has ever used, and that he has cured many cases by its use that were considered as INCURABLE.

ALEXANDER GASTON, M. D., CUBA, MONROE COUNTY, IOWA, writes of a man who had ENLARGEMENT of the HEART, which was the worst case that he ever saw or heard of, so bad that the blood would stop circulating, and he could neither see nor speak. "He had two spells of this each day, and was fast getting worse, when I gave him SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, and now by its use he has entirely recovered his health."

S. W. EVERET, M. D., COOPER'S PLAIN, STEUBEN COUNTY, NEW YORK, writes of a child, who was afflicted with ERYSIPELAS and SCROFULA, and of a lady who had SCROFULOUS ULCERS for more than twenty-five years, both of whom had been treated by skillful physicians without being cured. For twenty years so deplorable was the disease in the lady's case that she was entirely unable to do any work. Both of these cases were cured BY SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP.

We give the following EXTRACT from C. W. PRATT, M. D., CHAUNCEY, ATHENS COUNTY, OHIO, who writes of a young lady, who was rapidly sinking with a PROFUSE DISCHARGE of SCROFULOUS ULCERS, and had been under skillful physicians' treatment, but without benefit. "I gave her SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, and since that time she has been rapidly getting better."

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.  
I have carefully examined your formula for SYRUP OF SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, and have used it in my practice, and found it the MOST VALUABLE ALTERNATIVE in Scrofula and other Diseases of the Blood that I have ever used. I have no hesitation in recommending it to PHYSICIANS and others.

SAMUEL SILSBEE, M. D.

MESSERS. A. L. SCOVILL & Co.—Gents.—This is to certify that I have been using SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA in my practice, and find that in every case where I have used it, it has worked like a charm, and would recommend it to all afflicted with chronic or consumptive diseases.

HARDINGBURG, SEPTEMBER 9, 1858.

JAMES S. EWAN, M. D.

We publish the following certificate of the many late ones we have received, which shows what this medicine is now doing for the afflicted:

CINCINNATI, JULY 11, 1861.  
MESSERS. A. L. SCOVILL & Co.—Gentlemen,—Some two years ago my system became entirely prostrated, attended with disease of the LIVER, SPINE, and KIDNEYS, so great as to cause me to lose the use of my LIMBS, and I became BEDRIDDEN for more than a year. In this condition my LIVER and DIGESTIVE ORGANS became most SERIOUSLY DISEASED! My doctor, with two other physicians, after holding consultation, GAVE ME UP TO DIE, and ADVISED ME TO PREPARE MY BUSINESS FOR DEATH! In this prostrated condition, confined to my bed, suffering with more pain than of a thousand deaths, and comparatively more dead than alive, and for months not expecting to live, was I, when I obtained a bottle of your BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, which was in February last, and from the very first I commenced gaining rapidly. The diseases in my KIDNEYS, LIVER, SPINE, and STOMACH, ARE ALL GETTING BETTER, and I have only used seven bottles of your BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, at the same time bathing over my spine and kidneys with your DR. BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA. I am now able to go about as usual, and FEEL SO MUCH BETTER THAT I CONSIDER MYSELF WELL.

When I consider how low I have been, and the length of time that I was confined to bed helpless as a child, and the cure effected by your BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, I FEEL THAT THE WORLD SHOULD KNOW IT! and I believe that others who are afflicted will find GREAT BENEFIT BY ITS USE.

My residence is No. 98 East Third-Street.

Most truly yours,

GEO. P. WARNER.

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## CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER.

### Engravings.

SOMES' SOUND, MOUNT DESERT, MAINE.  
PORTRAIT OF MARIA ANTOINETTE.

### Articles.

Page.	Page.
<b>Prose.</b>	
The Martyr Queen—Maria Antoinette, Editorial.....703	science is Blinded—They that will be Rich, Fall into Temptation—Afraid of my Sins—The Guest.....703
A Pedant.....706	<b>NOTES AND QUERIES.....703</b>
Heavenly Conversation, by Rev. B. M. Conung.....709	Turn to the Right—Foreknowledge and Free Will—Do- side: Bealies—Origin of Williams College—A Question for Algebraists—How Coffee Came to be Used—Proof Spirit.....704
Dr. Young and the Night Thoughts, by Rev. S. L. Leonard.....710	<b>BOYS AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT.....704</b>
"As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be"—"A Thousand a Year"—The Trial and the Sacrifice—"Joy Cometh in the Morning"—The Midnight Sentinel—by Mrs. N. M'Con- nough.....711	Travels Carried on by Birds, Beasts, and Insects—"We shall be Changed;" Story of a Woman—He did n't Think— Fifth Commandment—Polite Boys.....705
The Little Trianon—Maria Antoinette's Summer Cottage, by G. G. Conney, M. D.....717	<b>WATERSIDE GLEANINGS.....705</b>
The Captain on Deck, by Sheelah.....718	I never Thought of that, or an Anecdote of Jefferson— Illustration of Divine Wisdom in the Foot of a Horse— God's Care for his Children—Nature versus Custom—Sat- urday Night—Sully and Louis Thirteenth—Peter the Great and the Vacant See—The Child in a Naval Station— Frederic Moul and his Dying Wife—Religions by Candle- light—Voltaire meeting the Nobleman's Challenge.....707
Circumlocution of the Glances.....720	<b>LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, AND STATISTICAL ITEMS.....707</b>
Great Triumphs of the Gospel, by Rev. Abel Stevens, L.L. D.....721	London Two Centuries Ago—The Oldest Known Tree— New Alloy—Parks—The English Mint—The Amor Li- brary—Nursery in Algeria—Chinese Loyalty—A New Remedy—Ancient Skillet—German Postal Service—New Planet—Telegraphic—Yarn Peeling Machine—Phospho- rus in Man—Wesleyan Methodism in 1851—Cost of Feed- ing a City—Productions of the West—Anniversary of the Russian Empire—Corn Paper—Domestic in Great Brit- ain—Population of Switzerland.....709
From Calcutta to Bourne, by Mrs. G. S. Hauser.....725	<b>LITERARY NOTICES.....709</b>
The Universalist Answered.....727	Life Among the Chinese—Autobiography of Rev. Alvin Torry—The House on the Moor—Latin Accidence and Primary Lesson-Book—The Silver Cord—Minutes—An- nual Report of the Common Schools of Cincinnati—Black- wood's Magazine for October—Forty-Fifth Report of the American Bible Society.....710
Female Poets of South-Eastern Indiana, by Rev. F. C. Hol- liday, D. D.....728	<b>EDITOR'S TABLE.....710</b>
The Miner and his Money, by Virginia F. Townsend.....730	Somes' Sound—Articles on File—Our Church Periodicals— Circular of the Publishers—The Five Points Mission in the City of New York—Letter from Rev. E. Westworth, D. D., to the Editor.....712
Prosperity, or New Ideas in Old Words, by President Allen.....734	
Kind Words.....737	
Legends of Dumping Hill—Tom Bennett, by Mrs. Sarah A. Myers.....738	
Master, Oh! Slave, by Mrs. L. A. Holdich.....740	
Colleges for Women, by Thos. Talmon.....746	
<b>Poetry.</b>	
La Mort, by T. Hulbert Underwood.....707	
Blow's Bank.....708	
Matting, by Lucile Clark.....716	
Antoinette, by Mrs. H. G. Gardner.....734	
So Soon! by Maggie S. Stewart.....737	
Money.....737	
Our Country, by Mary E. Wilcox.....735	
Ever Changing, by Abbie F. Emery.....743	
<b>Editorial.</b>	
SCRIPTURE CARNEY.....731	
False and True in Character—Lack of Comfort in Sick- ness—The Christian's Conflict with Satan—How Con-	



